Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia,
Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XVIII, No. 6 APRIL Price 10 Cents

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Published Monthly by JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

THE historians tell us that when the barbarians were breaking over the frontier of the Roman Empire, the messengers who were sent to tell the degenerate Emperor, Honorius, about it, found him idling upon his throne, amusing himself by feeding his pet poultry.

Today the barbarians are breaking in upon the frontiers of our Republic, and we, who ought to be up and doing, with arms in our hands, if necessary, to defend, maintain and hand down to posterity our blood-bought liberties, are sitting supinely at our ease, occupied as aimlessly as was the Emperor, who went down amid the crash of the great civilization which his predecessors had so bravely and laboriously established.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

What Happens to Full Sexed Women When They Foolishly Take Vows Which Insult Nature and God?

WHY is it that a human document ten thousand years old has the same effect upon us, as a newspaper story of yesterday? Why is it that we love or hate the men and women who live in the songs of Homer? Why do we grieve, or rejoice with those who live in the pages of Plutarch; and feel deeply moved when David and Jonathan are forced apart; when Joseph is sold by his brethren; when the song of Solomon voices the deathless devotion of the country girl for her mountain lover; and when the fanatical Jeptha is about to slay his innocent, beautiful daughter?

It is because human nature has never changed: what our fathers were, we are: what Absolom and David felt, we feel.

When the brilliant, wayward Jewish boy goes astray and meets his untimely fate, we mourn with his broken father as he wails—"O Absolom my son, my son Absolom!"

That which women have always been, women continue to be. Helen of Troy was not essentially different from Madame de Pompadour: Cleopatra was a more refined Catherine of Russia; Aspasia was the forerunner of Madame de Maintenon: Sappho was another "George Sand;" Lillie Langtry was a modern Phryne; and Pauline Bonaparte had all the charm and voluptousness of Nell Gwynne.

One reason why the Old Testament continues to be a modern book is, that it is so full of human nature. Our first instinct, when we became violently enraged is, *to kill*. In the Old Testament, they do it. Considered as a mere human document, there is more raw slaughter in the Old Testament than any book you ever read, and the details are given with frightfully fascinating realism.

No cloak is thrown around Jacob and Abraham and Lot. Those citizens are painted with all the warts on. In some of them, indeed, the warts fill most of the canvass. That affair of David and the other man's wife: how modern it is! If you will glance over the daily newspaper, you will find that somewhere or other in this world of today, another David has seen the loveliness of Uriah's wife; and the first thing you know this modern David (in a Derby hat and tailor-made clothes) is running away with Bathsheba in an automobile. As to Solomon and his harem—including the negro woman—the subject is too delicate for polite treatment in a high class magazine. I must leave such matters to Mr. William Randolph Hearst, whose Sunday editions and monthly outputs deal in "sex" novels. Gaby Deslys, Lina Cavalieri, Evelyn Thaw, Mrs. Keppel, and scarlet people generally.

The point I desired to make is that

God made men and women to mate with one another, and thus reproduce and perpetuate the human species.

There are no bachelor eagles, no spinster swans, no monks among the lions, no nuns among the deer. When we want to make a bachelor out of a horse, we resort to surgery. Most of us know what Mooley, the cow, does in the Spring time, if she is shut up in the pasture with no other company than other Mooley cows.

Without pursuing this line of illustration farther, it is sufficient to say that *all animal nature is under the same law*. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules. Some men repel women: some women abhor men. Some men actually marry, believing that they are fit for it and then discover that they are not. A tragic instance of this was Thomas Carlyle: another was Frederick the Great. Our President James Buchanan was wise enough *not* to marry; and Charles Sumner was so fatuous as to do so.

But the great law of Nature is, *Mate and reproduce!* It applies to the flowers, to the plants, to the insects, to the fishes of the sea, and to the fowls of the air. I have often wondered why we become so accustomed to the outrageously informal conduct of hens and roosters, pigeons, ducks, turkeys, &c., that we see it and don't see it: we know it, and don't know it: it happens right under our eyes, and yet we never learn anything from it, or think anything about it.

* * * * * *

Once again, let me say, men and women in their animal natures are just like other animals. They hunger, they thirst, they are hot, they are cold, they are sick, they are well, they love, they hate, they fight, they yearn for mates, and having found mates, *they mate*. Allowed liberty, this natural tendency leads to wedlock, and legitimate children. The husband and wife make the Home: the Home is the Gibraltar of organized civilization: and the children are Posterity, in its beginning. Thus marriage, the home, and the children are the conservators of Society.

If a so-called "religion" *forces* 71,000 American marriageable men and women into hiding places, where they have physical contact with one another but cannot marry, *what happens?*

You *know* what happens. Your common sense tells you what happens. Your own natural passions tell you what happens.

Those marriageable men and women —many of them young, handsome, buxom,—are shut off from all the world, by thick walls, barred windows, locked doors. The young buxom men can get to the young buxom women. Either in the day-time or in the night, this physical access can be had, *in secret*.

The men have been taught that they are gifted with supernatural powers; and that they can forgive each other's sins. The women have been taught that these men cannot sin, and that in serving these men they will be serving God. Besides, if they *do* sin with the priests, the priests can forgive the sins. This being so, what happens, when the lustful young priest slips into the cloistered convent, goes to the nun's bed-room and solicits her to yield to *him*, as Mary yielded to the angel?

(See "Why Priests Should Wed." Page 103.)

That cloistered convent is built like a huge dungeon. The encircling walls about it, are thick and high. No one enters in unto the unmarried women excepting the bachelor priests.

The Law does not enter!

The Italian Pope draws his line around that dungeon of darkness and mystery, and the civil authorities dare not go in.

Everybody knows that young women are caged in those hell-holes. Everybody knows that burly, beefy, red-

faced, thick-lipped young priests glide in and out.

Everybody knows what *he* would do, if *he* had the pick of a score of buxom girls, in a secret place, he being a bachelor and they being without access to any man but *himself*.

If you were young and had no wife, you know what would happen, if you were alone in a pretty girl's bed room, and she were educated to yield to you in *everything*.

Yet, these impudent rascals, the beefy Irish, Italian and German priests, ask you to believe that they never even think of touching those 56,000 American girls that are caged inside those walls!

Nevertheless, you *know* it is against Nature for these young men not to want to mate with those women. You *know* that the cloistered convents would not be built like Bastilles, and the world shut out, if there were not something going on in there which they are afraid for the world to see.

You *know* that where cloistered convents are *built and managed like jails, THEY ARE JAILS!*

Yet, those impudent rascals, gliding into the women, and coming out from the women, tell you that although the women are taught to obey the priest in all things, the priest never does say or do what every full-sexed man would do and say, under the same circumstances.

The Turks had their harems, and they knew women—and they knew men. The Turks had walls, and bars, and locked gates, and sentinels outside to watch. But the Turks knew how vain are walls, and barred windows, locked gates and vigilant sentinels. Therefore, the Turks always kept eunuchs in the harem itself, eunuchs whose watchful eyes were ever upon those ladies of the harem. And the eunuchs were powerful men, strong and fierce, *but unsexed*. They had the strength to guard the women, *without the desire to enjoy them*.

But the Roman Pope builds harems in all Christian lands—*harems for his priests to whom he denies marriage*.

There are no eunuchs to guard these women. The men who go in unto them are men of like passions as ourselves; and there is no eye to watch, no tongue that will tell, *after* the priest has gone inside.

* * * * * *

Our common sense condemns this enforced celibacy which pagan popes invented for their own selfish, ambitious purposes. Or rather, the Popes borrowed it from the Turkish Sultans who would not allow their chosen bodyguard, the Janissaries, to marry. In course of time, the Janissaries became more powerful than the Sultan, and they had to be exterminated. The Pope's Janissaries are now more powerful than the Pope: and the wretchedness of his position is that he can neither massacre them, nor rob them of their women. Of all the exalted slaves the world ever saw, the Pope is perhaps the most conspicuous example.

The Jesuits rule the priesthood: the Jesuits rule the cardinals: the Jesuits rule the Pope—and the Jesuits have the pick of the most beautiful women throughout the Christian world.

* * * * * *

On such a system as this—a system which has denied so many millions of men and women *the God-given right to live according to Nature*, history ought to have much to say. What is the evidence and the verdict of impartial History?

Let us try the case: let us call the witnesses and hear their evidence. If the other side wants to be heard, the court is open. I will give them as much space for the defence as I take for the prosecution. It shall be a perfectly fair investigation. Remember,

however, that the unmarried men and the unmarried women have been hiding within the walls of monasteries and convents, ever since Pope Gregory abolished God's ordinance of marriage, and declared, virtually, that the Pope's will, and not that of God Almighty, should govern priests and nuns. Remember that there has been every effort made at concealment: that the dungeons could not tell their awful secrets; that the light of day was jealously shut out. Remember that the nun who willingly submitted to the priest did not wish to expose their mutual guilt. Remember that the nun who was *forced* could seldom escape and give the alarm. Remember that the babes born in the cloistered convents were seldom seen of men, and that they could easily be thrown into the hidden vault, where the quick-lime was ready to eat their bones. Remember that it was to the interest of popery to screen the priests, and that the rulers of States were in deadly fear of the wrath of Popes—wrath which sent death to Henry III. of France, William of Orange, and Henry of Navarre. Remember further, that when Popes kept acknowledged paramours and bastards in the Vatican, the priests had nothing to fear on account of their turning the nunneries into brothels. Those nuns whose vows were not broken, were the ugly ones, the old and the ailing. The monks had such complete power over wives through the Confessional, that many women inside the cloister owed their immunity to the women outside.

There was a time, under popery, when no Italian husband was certain that his wife's children were *his*: hence, for a time paternal affection in Italy almost became extinct. There was a time, under popery, when every Italian wife had an acknowledged lover—her *cicisbeo*—the priests having paved the way. The husband kept a mistress: the wife, a lover; and the priest enjoyed both wife and mistress, without bearing the expense of either.

(See Sismondi's Hist. des Repub. d'Ital.)

There was a time, under popery, when it was assumed that every Spanish woman had yielded to a priest. And of course a woman who takes one lover will take another; and thus Spain went to moral perdition, the priests and the nuns in the lead.

The same thing was true of Portugal, and of all Southern Europe. Of Mexico, Central and South America and Cuba, it would be a waste of words to speak.

* * * * * *

Pope Gregory VII. introduced the unnatural requirement of celibacy—the forbidding of men and women to do what God had equipped them to do, and prompted them, by sexual passions to do—the most powerful passions known to humanity—passions which if not naturally gratified lead to crimes of revolting enormity, to loss of health, to loss of mental balance, to loss of shame, of normal desires, and of reason itself.

(Consult such books as Dr. Sanger's "History of Prostitution;" Psychopathia Sexualis, &c.)

Soon after enforced celibacy was introduced, an honest priest, Honorius of Antrim wrote—

"Look at the convents of the nuns, places of debauchery! These abominable women have not chosen the Virgin, but Phryne and Messalina as their models. They prostrate themselves before the idol of Priapus!"

(Priapus was the male organ of generation, and was formerly to be seen throughout Europe, especially at public fountains.)

King Edgar of England wrote—

"What shall I say of the clergy? We find nothing among them but debauchery, excesses, orgies, and unchastity. Their abodes are propi-

tious for solitude, and yet they dwell there not for pious meditation, but in order to lead lives of debauchery."

Pope Benedict VIII. at the Council of Pavia deplored the awful vices of the unmarried clergy.

Nicholas Clemangis says—

"The monasteries are no longer sanctuaries devoted to the divinity, but places of abomination and debauchery —rendezvous of young libertines. Indeed, *to make a girl take the veil is equivalent to forcing her into prostitution.*"

The monks of the Middle Ages led a life full of orgies, equalling the dissipations of Tiberius at Capri. "The concubines and prostitutes were mistresses of the wealth of the monasteries and convents."

The good Catholic, Anselm of Bisate wrote—

"The nuns are not more virtuous than the monks. Widows took the veil in order to be free, and not bound to one man."

Instead of being the wife of one man, the nun could be the mistress of several.

(Dr. Angelo Rappoport, p. 36.)

Why was it that Irenæus and Epiphanius poured out such unprintable descriptions of the immorality of those "heretics" who refused to marry and who professed to be virgins? Did these Fathers of the Christian Church grossly slander those celibate heretics? Were the men and the women who indulged in those sexual excesses, while pretending to be chaste, any better or any worse than the human creatures of today?

Was Cyprian libelling his own brethren and sisters when he described how depraved, how licentious, how sodom-like was the conduct of the so-called "virgins" of his time? Cyprian lived in the third century after Christ, and he was speaking of the same phase of Christianity which provoked the immortal passage in Gibbon. Carrying their brazen hypocrisy to unheard of lengths, the monks and the nuns occupied the same beds, and yet unblushingly vowed that they had passed through this fiery furnace without the smell of fire on their garments!

If I were to quote the Latin in which Cyprian exposes these shameless harlots and libertines, the great and good U. S. Government would perhaps *again* prosecute me for telling the truth on Roman Catholicism.

Popery is the one thing that you must not tell the truth about, unless you are prepared to withstand boycott, abuse, persecution and threats against your property and life!

(The curious are cited to "Elliott on Romanism," Vol. II, p. 408, and to Cyprian to Pomponius, Book II, p. 181.)

So well understood was it that young men and young women needed each other, sexually, that both in the Latin and in the Greek there was a distinctive name given to these "holy virgins." The "soul marriage" of the ancient church was as much like the affinity doings of the present day, as Solomon's carryings on were like those of the Sultan of Turkey.

To the testimony of Cyprian may be added that of Chrysostom, who bewailed the utter licentiousness of the "virgins."

Since Bishop Udalric in the year 606 wrote of the skulls of the six thousand infants found in draining off some fish ponds at the command of Gregory the Great, the slaughter of the babes has gone steadily on. "When Pope Gregory ascertained that *the infants thus killed were born from the concealed fornications of and adulteries of the priests*, he recalled his decree, extolling the apostolic command. It is better to marry than to burn." (Elliott II, p. 409.)

Yet, when we are told the same story by Father Chiniquy, Dr. Justin Fulton, ex-priest William Hogan, ex-priest

Fresenborg, ex-priest Manuel Ferrando, ex-nun Margaret Shepherd, ex-nun Maria Monk, ex-priest Blanco White, ex-priest Seguin, and by such submissive Catholics as Erasmus, Rabelais, Campanella and scores of other unimpeachable witnesses, we are more inclined to listen to the impudent denials of the lecherous priests than to the evidence of *those who escape AND TELL!*

The denial made by the unmarried priests is at variance with their looks, is at variance with admitted facts, is at variance with history, is at variance with common sense, is at variance with what we ourselves know of the overwhelming strength of our carnal desires: yet the impudent denial is *so* brazen, *so* persistent, and *so* threatening, that we either accept it, or enter the plea of *nolle contendere*.

The accusation against the pretended virgins involves so many apparently good men and chaste women, that we shrink from remembering the difference between publicity and privacy, we forget that the treacherous inclination is not felt in the church and in the crowd, but that it creeps to the secret couch, under cover of night, when there is silence, freedom from interruption and security from detection.

We forget how this passion takes advantage of night, of undress, and of secret contact of the physical man and woman, to heat their normal blood, *no matter how sanctified they may really be in their daily visible life.*

"Saint" Bernard of the 10th century exhausts his wrath upon the hideous vices of the monks and nuns "behind the partition." "What abominable lust!" cries this stern old anchorite. He exclaims—

"Would that those who cannot rule their sexuality would fear to give their conduct the name of celibacy. It is better to marry than to burn. . . . Take away from the church honorable marriage and the undefiled bed, and do you not fill it with concubines, incestuous persons, onanists, male concubines, and with every kind of unclean person?"

(Bernard's Sermons V. 29, cited in Elliott, 11, 410.)

Take away honorable marriage from the priests, and what do you get in place of the bed undefiled? Read again that tremendous sentence of Saint Bernard, and then ask yourself, *Has human nature changed?*

A typical illustration of priestly seduction is the following:

"A lady of the name of Maria Catharine Barni, of Santa Croce, declared on her death-bed, that she had been seduced through the confessional, and that she had during twelve years maintained a continual intercourse with priest Pachiani. He had assured her *that by means of the supernatural light which he had received from Jesus and the holy virgin*, he was perfectly certain that neither of them was guilty of sin, &c." (Secrets of Female Convents, p. 58, cited by Elliott, Vol. II., 448.)

Substantially, that is the way Hans Schmidt seduced the beautiful German girl Anna Aumuller. Substantially that is the way every priest seduces every nun who yields to him.

Almost that very formula is mentioned in Dr. Justin D. Fulton's book which was submitted to Anthony Comstock, the modern Cato, before it was published. And Dr. Fulton asserts that Pope Pius IX authorized this concubinage of priests with nuns, *by a formal Vatican decree of* 1866.

Dr. Fulton says—page 97 of "Why Priests Should Wed"—

"In the year 1866, Pope Pius IX. sanctioned the establishment of one of the most appalling institutions of immorality and wickedness ever countenanced under the form and garb of religion."

Briefly, this institution authorized priests and nuns who had been in service long enough to inspire confi-

dence, to live in sexual relations, like man and wife. Dr. Fulton proceeds at length to describe how the priest selects his nun, how he makes his wishes known to her, how he quotes Scripture to overcome her scruples, how the "love room" is adorned with holy emblems and images, how the priest sprinkles holy water over the bed, how he then kneels and prays for a blessing on the union about to take place, and then ——!

As I have said a number of times, Dr. Fulton submitted his manuscript to Anthony Comstock. The chaste Cato of New York, advised the omission of many passages; but the whole of this hideous chapter describing how Pope Pius IX. authorized the priests to make use of the nuns, sexually, appears in the book with sufficient clearness to lay it in parallel columns with the abominations of Sodom, Gomorrha, the White Slave Traffic, the Decameron, the Heptameron, and Balzac's Merry Tales of the Abbeys of Touraine.

Dr. Fulton's book was published in 1888. *He was never prosecuted for that terrible charge against Pope Pius IX.* He was never sued for libelling the priests and nuns. His charges were never officially denied.

Cardinal Gibbons wrote his mendacious book, "The Faith of our Fathers" for the purpose of answering all that had been said against Popery. He mentioned Maria Monk by name, and denounced her true story as false. Yet, although Gibbons published his book *sixteen years after Dr. Fulton had hurled his awful charge against Pope Pius IX.*, the Baltimore priest dared not challenge the statement of Dr. Fulton!

Maria Monk—poor, outraged, persecuted woman, was dead: Dr. Justin D. Fulton, a fearless, powerful man, *was alive!* Gibbons was brave enough to vilely attack the dead woman: he was too much of a contemptible coward to attack the living man.

The living man was ready with his evidence, *and he was a fighter*—and the catlike Gibbons knew it.

Says Dr. Fulton:

"At first the female may be a little timid, &c. She may object, &c. But the priest, representing God's angel in this office, gently soothes the mind and quiets the fears of his future spouse by saying to her, He who will *come upon thee* is not man, but is the holy one of God, and this union is pleasing to him: ——."

(At this point Anthony Comstock must have blushed and raised an objection, as the nun was doing, for the remainder of the sentence is stricken out.)

But the text continues—"It will be holy and blessed: therefore I say unto thee, as the angel said unto Mary, Fear not."

After this, the woman, being convinced by the language of heaven's messenger that all is right, gives the priest complete assurance of her willingness to submit by saying, as Mary said to the angel, Be it done unto me according to thy word.

Then Dr. Fulton so frankly indicates what takes place in that private room, and upon that consecrated bed, that I really am curious to know what it was that made Comstock blush, a few lines above those which thus tell of the soliciting priest, the yielding nun, and the ready bed.

Now, if you will compare one case with another, from the time of the early Fathers down to the present day, you will detect a similarity that is at once ludicrous and appalling.

The Apostle Paul saw the horrors that were coming upon the church, and advised young widows to marry. Paul knew the disciples that were flocking to the new faith when he wrote them that it were better to marry than to burn.

The testimony of Edward Gibbon, the skeptical historian exactly accords

with that of Saint Cyprian, Chrysostom, Jerome and Bernard.

The memorable investigation which Duke Leopold of Tuscany caused to be made of the cloistered convents of Italy revealed identically the same cess-pools of vice that came to light in England when Henry VIII. uncovered the monasteries.

All the literature of the Renaissance, after men's minds and pens freed themselves from the ignoble fear of popery, bear witness to the same universal, everlasting truth—*Men and women were made for each other, and no so-called religion can annul the laws of Nature.*

* * * * * *

When a "religion" sets up the claim that it can pardon sins, educates the children to believe it, *destroys those who deny it*, and fixes a scale of money-payments for the pardon of sins, what sort of fruit is that kind of tree likely to bear?

If penance and payment rids me of my sin, my conscience, like an unused muscle becomes enfeebled, and my proneness to sin is encouraged.

Pope Leo X. was the Vicar of Christ who ordered lists of sin to be drawn up, with the price of the pardon opposite each sin.

(See History of Auricular Confession, by Count C. P. De Lasteyrie, Vol. 11, p. 132.)

I will quote only a few of these tariff rates established by this Infallible Pope.

For allowing a ship to sail to convey merchandise to infidels, 100 d.

For the absolution of any one practising usury, 7 d.

For concubinage, 7 d.

For intimacy with a woman *in a church*, 6 d.

For pardon of him who has violated a virgin, 6 d.

For one who has committed incest, 5 d.

(The d. stands for the coin known as the ducat.)

Can you imagine anything more conducive to immorality, than a "religion," sanctified by the name of Christ, which teaches that its priests can forgive sins, and which publishes a list of market prices for such forgiveness? Do you marvel that Roman Catholic countries are the immoral countries? Do you wonder at the mania for vice and crime among the lower Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese?

When a man could ravish a virgin for six ducats, what girl had any safety except in the fear that libertines might have of her father or her brother, or her sweetheart?

What sort of hell would we have in America if popery gained the upper hand, *and the negro bucks were taught that they could buy pardons for violating white women?*

God Almighty! It makes one sick to think that even now they are admitting young black men to the priesthood.

What will *they do*, inside the cloistered convents?

No scream from within can be heard outside. Those dead walls tell no tales. The Law dares not scrutinize the interiors where the negro priests can penetrate; and we have no legal process to wring the dread Secret out of the nun's cell!

The Pope's Empire has been erected inside our People's Republic; and those who represent our State, and our Law, are afraid of the Italian Pope and the laws of the Italian church!

* * * * * *

When the Commissioners sent by King Henry VIII. visited the monasteries, the guilt of the inmates was so overwhelmingly evident that hardly any attempt at denial was made. The Confession of the Prior and Benedictines of St. Andrew's in Northampton is yet of record, and it is a fair sample.

They confessed that they "had lived in idleness, gluttony, and sensuality," for which the Pit of Hell was ready to swallow them up."

(Burnett, Book III., p. 227.)

Among the false "relics" that were found and which had long been used to swindle ignorant believers out of their money, were a Wing of the Angel that had brought to England the Spear which pierced Christ's side; some of the coals that had roasted the Most Blessed Saint Anthony; numerous pieces of "the true Cross;" a small bottle filled with Christ's blood; a Crucifix which would sometimes bow its head, sometimes roll its eyes and sometimes move its lips.

(All this fraudulent rubbish was seized, taken to London, and publicly smashed.)

Bishop Burnett says—

"But for the lewdness of the confessors of the Nunneries, and the great corruption of that state, *whole houses being found almost all with child.*"

That was in the year 1535, in England! In the year 1910, when the nunneries were suddenly broken up in Spain, exactly the same state of affairs was discovered! Some of the nuns came out leading their children: some were so far advanced in pregnancy that their condition was evident to all—and as to how many little bones were left in the underground vaults, God alone knows.

Bishop Burnett continues—

"The dissoluteness of Abbots, and the other monks, and the friars, not only with whores, but married women, and their unnatural lusts and other brutal practices, *these are not fit to be spoken of*, much less enlarged on, in a work of this nature." . . .

The full report was lost. Stolen and destroyed by the Romanists, no doubt. But Bishop Burnett saw extracts from it "concerning 144 Houses, that contains abominations in it, equal to any that were in Sodom!"

Put this original evidence side by side with the confession already quoted: put with it the testimony gathered by Duke Leopold of Tuscany: add what Blanco White and Erasmus say; add what S. J. Mahoney and Manuel Ferrando say: buttress this mass of evidence with what the Fathers of the Church said, what all the escaped nuns and priests have alleged, and compare this mountain of proof with what you *know* about human nature—and how can you harbor a doubt that nunneries and monasteries are today what they always have been? They are houses of hidden iniquity. and nameless crimes—*AND YOU KNOW IT!*

That marvellous man of letters, Erasmus, who *wrote* for the Reformation, but who left Luther and others to *fight for it*, says this in his "Colloquies"—

"I hold up to censure those who entice lads and girls into monasteries against their parents' wills, abusing their simplicity or superstition, and persuading them that there is no chance of salvation but in the cloister. If the world were not full of such anglers; if countless minds had not been most miserably *buried alive* in such places, then I have been wrong in my conclusions. But if ever I am forced to *speak out* what I feel upon this subject, I will so paint the portrait of *these kidnappers*, and so represent *the magnitude of the evil*, that every one shall confess I have not been wrong."

(Quoted in Day's "Monastic Institutions," p. 239.)

The infamous Liguori—a Roman Catholic "Saint"—calmly assumes that many inmates of the convents are captives, just as Erasmus had said they were, and he lays down the law to these helpless, kidnapped captives with all the malevolence of a grinning devil.

"Now that you are professed in a convent, and that *it is impossible for*

you to leave it, &c. (Monastic Institutions, p. 294.)

Liguori threatens the captive, telling the poor creature that if she abandons herself to sadness and regret, *she will be made to suffer a hell here*, and another hereafter.

In other words, *Smile, prisoner, smile! or we will make the convent a hell to you!*

So says Saint Liguori, whose instructions to the priests, telling them what filthy questions they must ask the Catholic women, are so "obscene" that I was prosecuted by the Catholic Knights of Columbus for having quoted some of them. If I had quoted all that Liguori wrote in coaching the priests, *and teaching them virtually how to disrobe women of their modesty as a prelude to their ruin*, I suppose the Government would have ordered out the troops and had me shot.

Several times, Erasmus has been mentioned as one of the most terrific accusers of the papal system, its frauds, impostures, greed, ferocity, its fake miracles, its pagan adoration of images and relics, and its rotten immorality. Perhaps it is due to the reader that I cite him to "The Life and Letters of Erasmus," by the historian James A. Froude, published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, in 1895.

From this comparatively recent work, the student can most readily obtain a general idea of Popery, as described by one who was a devout Catholic, but not a blind, servile papist. Erasmus was practicaly an orphan boy, of somewhat uncertain parentage, whose life mystery and romance inspired Charles Reade to write the greatest of all novels, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Mr. Froude tells the painful story of the forcing of Erasmus into monastic vows; and then follows him as he develops into the most learned and brilliant scholar of Europe.

Never a robust man, always more or less an invalid, Erasmus remained inside the Roman pale, but abhorred the inherent vices of *the system*, denounced those vices with a pen of fire, endured the terrors and agonies of persecution within his church, was bitterly abused by the vile priesthood whose putrid lives he uncovered, was menaced by the dread Inquisition, and really suffered more keenly the penalties than Luther did, *for telling the truth on popery*.

Luther, a bull-necked, fearless *Man*, broke out, and fought popery from the outside. Erasmus, like many of his predecessors, tried to reform it *from within*, and he discovered at last that he might as well have been trying to reform hell.

The enraged monks and monkesses did not murder Erasmus, as they had murdered Savonarola, Huss, Jerome, &c.; but it was because the Pope had his hands full of other matters, and the time was not favorable for burning the most illustrious scholar of Christendom.

What did Erasmus say and write and publish against the vast parasitical growth of paganism, fraud and imposture that had overgrown Christianity under the pope?

Read his "Praise of Folly," which has been translated into English and can be had through any book-dealer.

When you read it, remember that Erasmus was never answered, save by *abuse and threats*.

In his letters to the Prothonotary of the Pope, letters written for the Pope to read, and which the Pope did read, Erasmus arraigns the unmarried clergy of Rome, her monks and her nuns, her monasteries and her convents, in the same terms that are used by the Preamble to the Act of the British Parliament which stated that reasons for the dissolution of these Romish hell-holes.

The accusation fathered by Erasmus and laid before the Pope, agree in every

essential particular with the revelations of Blanco White, of S. J. Mahoney, William Hogan, Joseph McCabe, Bishop Manuel Ferrando, Margaret Shepherd, Maria Monk, and every other witness who has had the courage to uncover these papals dens of infamy, torture, vice and crime.

I have not the space to quote at any length from the Letters of Erasmus: get the book and read it for yourself.

But weigh this passage—

"Men are threatened or tempted into vows of celibacy. *They can have license to go with harlots*, but they must not marry wives.

They may keep concubines and remain priests. If they take wives, they are thrown to the flames.

Parents who design their children for a celibate priesthood *should emasculate them in their infancy*, instead of forcing them, reluctant or ignorant, *into a furnace of licentiousness.*"

What was this furnace of licentiousness? The cloistered convent, or the monastery.

In his notes to the New Testament, a translation of which Erasmus made, he said, after alluding to St. Paul's injunction about the "one wife," that the priests could commit homicide, parricide, incest, piracy, sodomy and sacrilege: "*these* can be got over, but *marriage is fatal.*"

He adds that of all the enormous herds of priests, "very few of them are chaste."

In his letter to Lambert Grunnius, (in the year 1514) Erasmus gives an awful picture of monastic slavery in houses "*which are worse than brothels.*"

But once a young man is entrapped, there is no escape. "They may repent, but the superiors will not let them go. *lest they should betray the orgies which they have witnessed.*"

Then Erasmus tells of instances where men were buried alive inside the monasteries to prevent their escape. "Dead men tell no tales!"

Remember, reader! Erasmus was writing to the Pope's own Prothonotary, in order that the "Holy Father" might of a surety *know* what was going on inside the monastic houses! And in reply, the Prothonotary, Lambert Grunnis, writes to Erasmus—

"I read your letter aloud to the Pope, from end to end: several cardinals and other great persons were present. The Holy Father was charmed with your style!"

And the Holy Father waxed wroth at some personal grievance of Erasmus, and granted *him* relief from monkish diabolism; but what was done to correct the frightful conditions which Erasmus had brought to the Pope's personal attention?

Nothing! Absolutely nothing. It was the same way when the exposures were made in Spain, when they were made in Tuscany, when they were made in England, when they were made in the Philippines! The answer of Rome is ever the same: *Nothing can be done.*

The Pope *knows* what enforced male celibacy does, when screened from the civil law behind thick walls, *and given unlimited license among young women, who cannot resist, and who cannot tell!*

And *you* know that the Pope *does* know—for he also is a male like me and you.

Again, Erasmus asks what would Saint Augustine say *now*, if he were to see these convents and monasteries become "public brothels."

In those standard works, "The History of Prostitution" and "Human Sexuality," you will learn the fearful fact that the utter abandonment of nuns and of wives who had been debauched by the priests, became so universal that *the trade of the professional harlot was almost entirely taken away from her.* Why should loose men *pay*, when there were so many places of gratuitous entertainment?

(Lest you heed the deceptive talk which endeavors to convince you that the old tree is now bearing different fruit, read Hogan's "Popish Nunneries," Fresenborg's, McCabe's, McCarthy's up-to-date "Priests and People in Ireland;" and the astounding, undenied statements of Bishop Manuel Ferrando, in "The Converted Catholic" magazine of New York City.)

In Delisser's powerful book, "Pope, or President?" there is a masterly summing up against "Romanism as revealed by its own writers."

Among other witnesses, he cuts the evidence of Mahoney, the priest who was examined by a Committee of the House of Commons.

"A very nefarious use was made of convents," testified this honest Irishman. His disclosures corroborated what another honest Irish priest, Hogan, said several centuries later.

"A woman . . . is seduced into a convent to live in sin with the bishop and other confessors. It is not human to place a priest where he is allowed to fall, and suppose him innocent. Reader, commit your daughter to the soldier or hussar who can marry her, rather than to a Romish priest." ("Pope, or President," p. 59.)

In fact, Delisser's chapter on "Convents Exposed" is one of the most frightful that I ever read—doubly frightful because the Romanist writers therein quoted *assume it to be their right* to mistreat women, just as they please!

It is only in such a chapter, composed of citations from orthodox Roman Catholics, that you can obtain anything like a true conception of *the priest's point of view*.

They have the right to kidnap children: they have a right to restrain prisoners; they have a right to compel obedience: they have a right to shut out the State and its law: they have a right to punish the refractory, to flog the unruly girl, to starve her into submission, to degrade her with disgusting services, to use her person for their lusts!

That is the priest's point of view!

Study the horrible "theology" of Dens and Liguori: read what popes have said in denial of a layman's right to criticise a priest; read what Rev. Blanco White said of the systematic depravity of Romanism.

Cardinal Newman had to acknowledge that Blanco White was a man of irreproachable character, "a man you can trust." "I have the fullest confidence in his word," &c.

And what does this ex-Catholic, for whom Cardinal Newman vouched, have to say about convents?

"I cannot," says he, "find tints sufficiently dark to portray the miseries which I have witnessed in convents. Crime, in spite of the spiked walls and prison grates is there. The gates of the holy prison are for ever closed upon the inmates: *force and shame* await them wherever they might fly."

Then the ex-priest tells the tragic story of his two sisters, virtually tortured to death in the Spanish convent, he being a witness to their misery and powerless to relieve it. The system held them all!

He continues—

"Of all the victims of the church of Rome, *the nuns* deserve the greatest sympathy."

White's book was published in 1826. Like "Pope, or President," published in 1859, it is now out of print. Only at long intervals may you see a copy advertised in the catalogues of Old-book stores. *Some* agency has been most active in destroying anti-Catholic books, and keeping them out of our Public Libraries.

Consider this sentence in Hume's "History of England," Vol. II., p. 592—

"Monstrous disorders are therefore

said to have been found in many of the religious houses, *whole convents of women abandoned to lewdness;* signs of abortions procured, *OF INFANTS MURDERED*, of unnatural lusts between persons of the same sex."

Did poor Margaret Shepherd, or Maria Monk make any accusations that were worse than these which we find in a standard history of England?

In Aubrey's "Rise and Growth of the English People," the indictment against the convents and the monasteries is equally severe. See Vol. I., p. 80 and 81.

In Lecky's "History of European Morals," we have exactly the same arraignment of this unnatural and polluting system.

In Bower's "History of the Popes," in Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," in every trustworthy account of the system of enforced celibacy we have the same horrible, *but natural*, description of the lives led by those full-sexed members of both sexes who cannot mate legally and decently, but who are given access to each other under cover of night, behind the curtain of thick walls, and with the assurance that, *so long as no scandal leaks out*, no notice will be taken of what is done inside the "holy" brothel.

The very language in which the virgin girl is made to pledge herself as "the spouse of Christ," is so abominably obscene and suggestive that it is bound to plant impure curiosity in her mind—and, with a girl, *impure curiosity* is the lure to the fall. Not especially wishing to be again indicted for quoting the Pope's nasty language, I will forbear. Even in the Latin, it is so vilely lewd, lascivious, filthy, *and nasty*, that I marvel how any white woman, under any circumstances, can allow a beast of a man to use that language to her, *and not slap his face.*

The language is quoted in "Pope, or President," pages 86 and 360. The "Nun Sanctified," of "Saint" Alphonsus Liguori, and the Theology of Peter Dens will give the reader a fairly correct idea of what sort of a slave the priests make of a woman, *after* she has been ensnared into taking the black veil.

In the famous investigation of the convents of Tuscany, in 1775, one of the nuns gave testimony which is singularly piquant and unique. Besides, it remained uncontradicted. The name of the witness was Sister Flavia Peraccini. After telling of many escapades she had witnessed inside the convents, and of what merry times the priests and the nuns had with one another, Sister Flavia Peraccini, deposed—

"A monk said to me that if a nun's veil were placed on one pole, and a monk's cowl on another, so great is the sympathy between the veil and the cowl they would come together, *and unite.*" ("Unite" is the modest word: "copulate," is *meant.*)

"I say," continues the Sister, "I say, and repeat it, that whatever the Superiors know, they do not know *the least portion* of the great evils that pass between the monks and the nuns."

The foregoing is a mere trifle compared to the whole amount of the undisputed testimony taken by Duke Leopold of Tuscany in 1775. Have men and women changed? Is human nature the same?

It was for all people and all eras that the inspired writer wrote—

"Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let *every man* have his own wife; and let *every woman* have her own husband." (I Cor. 7:12.)

The Religious Education Association

Orman T. Headley

A FEW years ago in Germany an ingenious investigator invented a new political philosophy, and sent it wending its weary way into the dreary world, but ere the sun set, it returned a wandering child, refusing to face the buffets of an unkind and cold world. But our investigator was not to be estopped, so he enveloped his new theories and vagaries under the name of religion, and sent it forth again, and with more success, since these theories have now crossed the ocean, and are finding a ready welcome in certain circles of American Society, and even now are being espoused and defended by certain leading literary lights.

All of which goes to show that anything will go in the name of religion, and under the guise of its sacred skirts any old ridiculous propaganda has fair hope to propagate itself. It is a most shameful comment on most religious peoples in America that they are very discriminating in everything except as to their religion—for there anything goes. In the political field a man discriminates, in the matter of selecting clothes for himself he uses taste, in choosing business careers, and educational advantages, he usually exercises good judgment; but when it comes to religion—it's just anything the preacher says, whoever happens to be the preacher. Many a man and woman, who would hesitate long before accepting a hand-me-down suit of clothes, accept the hand-me-downs in religion every day in the year, and swallow flesh, hide and scalp, without protest. In everything there is quality, and in religion it is more so. To have a bad quality of religion is worse than having no religion at all. God is, if anything, a reasoning God, and would have us, His children, know the truth if such may possibly be known. There is nothing truer than that a man is known by the brand of religion which he professes. All of which leads us up to what we started out to say: that many of the religious movements of the day are of insidious origin, and the anti-Christs prophesied by the ancient Apostles were never so plentiful as now.

Many movements, political and economic of the present time, that would shudder to defend themselves out and out in the open, have shielded their intents and purposes in some kind of religious propaganda, and under the guise of religion, most unholy causes are being vigorously defended today. When the Devil was driven to extremities on a certain accusation in ancient times, he blurtly called out for the Son of Man to fall down and worship him, and the last resort of any unholy scheme is to get a preacher to defend it, in the name of his religion. Many of the protests against social and economic evils are being fought down at the present time, by the pulpit of the day unfurling a banner, proclaiming "Loyalty to Christ," etc. Our ancient teachers taught that peace should not come as a sacrifice of principle, but these later day policies of non-resistance have been carried to the point of succumbing for peace. So the pulpit many times cries for peace, heavenly peace, when there should be nothing, for principle's sake, but earthly warfare.

During March 1914, will be held at New Haven, Connecticut, a conference on "The Relation of Higher Education to the Social Order," under the auspices of the Religious Education Association of Chicago, Illinois. The secretary of the National organization, the

Rev. Henry F. Cope, has been traveling through New England, advertising this conference far and wide. One would think that with such a motive for gathering, and the distinguished personnel of the speakers of this Conference, that something of permanent value might result to that class of the American people who are in need of having their social and economic needs investigated and relieved. But on closer investigation, such does not prove to be the case, and likely all the speakers at this conference on "Social Questions and Democracy" come from the richest, most aristocratic Universities of America. The poor people of America do not support these institutions, have little to do with them for many reasons. The backing of these Universities is the money kings of America—that class which is no longer content to become millionaires, but whose ambition now is to become billionaires—for the good of all the people.

Now, these millionaires support these Universities, and are their trustees and directors. These teachers, professors and presidents of colleges, are representatives of this moneyed class, and they come together to discuss what is good for all the people of America and Democracy. No one, of course, would want to accuse them of anything but the best of motives, but it is at least safe to say they will see all these questions from the view-point of the American millionaire—not from the standpoint of the millions of overworked, under-paid people who will have no representatives there.

Let us note a few speakers at this conference and their subjects: Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale, discusses "How to determine those, who for the sake of society, should be given the privilege and advantages of Higher Education." Here we have an index to the caste system in America—some are to receive Higher Education—those, who are safe perhaps—and others are not—"for the good of Society." Alexander Miekeljohn, President of Amherst College is to discuss the "Successes and Failures of Self-Government," and one might safely wager that the failures of this modern mania will be illuminatingly exemplified, rather than its successes. Half of the subjects treated at this conference treat some phase of democracy, but the subjects are so stated as to give the impression that democracy, as a whole was not a very desirable thing. Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt University is to be on hand to discuss "The Tenure of Office of Teachers," etc. Chancellor Kirkland, it will be remembered, is the chief who is trying to prize Vanderbilt University out of the hands of its owners and deliver it over into the grip of Carnegie's gold. Those trustees who reminded Chancellor Kirkland that the character and standing, and God of a university had something to do with its success were met with this rebuff from him. "A University needs only gold, gold!" If Vanderbilt is not delivered over into the hands of Carnegie's gold, which will consummate a deliberate steal from its founders and owners, it will not be Chancellor Kirland's fault by any means. Here is one speaker at least, who is responsive to the appeals for peace from the American millionaires. So with other subjects and speakers too numerous to mention here.

Rev. Henry F. Cope, D. D., of Chicago, was the publicity advance agent of this New Haven Conference in New England. In one leading city in New England, Rev. Mr. Cope highly deprecated the impatient spirit for remedial legislation on social and economic evils of today. He advocated turning these matters over to such organizations as the Religious Education Association, which organization he represented, would develop wealthy men's moral consciences and moral standing in the community, and

thus compel employers to pay decent wages with decent hours of labor. This was one of Rev. Mr. Cope's plans of redemption from the economic evils of today. One need not hesitate much in venturing that American millionaires would be willing to acquiesce in Mr. Cope's plan of social redemption; every last one of them would be willing to leave this question to their moral sense of justice, if only State and National legislatures would cease compelling them. Besides at the present rate of developing wealthy men's consciences in these regards it would take about three generations to bring about ideal conditions, and in one-hundred years, the life-blood could be sucked out of the Republic by criminal corporations, if they are not checked by something that works more promptly, even if not so peacefully and ideally, as this philosophic idealism that the Rev. Mr. Cope preaches. We can almost hear American millionaires shouting in unison in favor of Mr. Cope's plan of social redemption. Mr. Cope is secretary of the Religious Education Association, he is on the committee of arrangements for this New Haven Conference on Social re-adjustments, and representatives of America's corporate wealth are to be speakers at this Conference. In other words, this Conference means economic re-adjustments from the wealthy man's point of view.

Thus does corporate wealth, even while accumulating through criminal practices, seek a defense in the guise of religion, and religion, such as we have today is willing to shelter and defend these arch-fiends of society. Rev. Mr. Cope admitted he was engaged at times in fighting various reform movements, comparing reforms to yellow pups—as if he didn't know nine out of every ten reforms started had as their basis social evils, that needed to be correcteed. In this day of reform or corporate abuses, these abuses need a defender, and what better defender could they have than a preacher?

It is the Devil calling upon the Son of Man anew to fall down and worship him.

Shall We Feed All of the Sparrows?

"*I AM as a sparrow alone upon the housetop * * * for I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping.*" (Psalms: 102, 7.)

"*Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? And not one of them is forgotten before God!*" (Luke, 12:6.)

In Paul Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," you may read a description of the people who live at the extreme Northern Europe. The Swedes and the Norwegians, with their blue eyes, flaxen hair and ruddy faces are the descendants of the Aborigines of that portion of the great hive which, in Viking days, sent marauders into England, sent conquerors into France and Spain and Italy; sent pirates into unknown stormy seas; and sent discoverers and colonists to this Continent, some centuries before Columbus and the Cabots were born.

The Northmen who remained at home held it against all outsiders, mainly because there were other countries easier to subdue and richer in loot. In Du Chaillu's book, you may see a picture of a primitive people clinging to the old faith and the old ways, without a millionaire, and without a beggar, without a heartless aristocracy of Special Privilege, and without an army of the unemployed.

There is room for all, work for all, bread for all; and there is no house in the Land of the Midnight Sun that is too good to give shelter to homeless humanity.

Even the sparrows are not forgotten before God, in that primitive region, where the minister of the compassionate Savior lives fraternally amid his flock, and where the shepherd's crook has not yet been displaced by the shears.

Du Chaillu says—

"The Christmas feeding of the birds is prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden: bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses, on trees and fences for them to feed upon. Two or three days before, cartloads of sheaves are brought into the towns for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy, and place them everywhere. * * * The farmers' wives and children were busy preparing the oats for Christmas-eve."

Linger upon that statement a moment, and picture it in your mind. The deep silence of the far North, the mountains white with snow, the sea and fjords dark and sublime, the isolated homesteads widely scattered, each a little world all to itself; the warm fireside and the home folks around it, the wholesome matron and the brood of red-cheeked children, *preparing the oats to feed the birds!*

"Every poor man, and every head of a family had saved a penny or two, or even one farthing, to buy a bunch of oats for the birds to have their Christmas feast."

"I remember well the words of a friend of mine, as we were driving through the streets of Christiana: he said, with deep feeling, *A man must be very poor indeed, if he cannot spare a farthing to feed the little birds on Christmas-day.*"

It is in Scandinavia that this benevolence survives: it is in the original home of the once terrible sea-rovers and land-marauders that a primitive Christianity has kept its touch of sympathy, its loving kindness, its care for

even the sparrow that is alone on the housetop.

* * * * * *

What is it that has malevolently taken possession of our civilization and transformed it into a vast system of legalized inhumanity, exploitation and murder? What sort of barbarian is it that rides in the automobile, kills his fellow creature, and speeds away, laughing? What breed of Goths is this which is encouraged by law to slaughter human beings at grade-crossings, in reckless collisions, in fire-trap workhouses, and in the remorseless grind of the mills, whose infernos never rest, day nor night, Sunday or Monday?

Feed the sparrows! Yes, the best Government the world ever saw has consented for the R. F. D. carriers to scatter bird-food along the country roads, the food having been bought by charitable folk in New England.

That would be a beautiful sight, were there no homeless human families, no foodless wretches who can gaze into the dull grey sky out of which the sleet comes, and find as much pity as can be found in the stony faces of the average Christian rich.

Do you really know anything about the condition of our people? Do you care? Is it anything to you how the vast majority of your countrymen live?

If so, read some of the official reports of the careful investigators. Ask the Mayor and the Chief of Police of any large town. Glance at the statements put forth by the Y. M. C. A. and the Charity Boards. They are fearful, appalling, heart rending! In New York alone there are 100,000 families that have to live on $800 a year. One-third of the work-people never have enough to eat and wear.

"Thousands of young women are paid $4.00 and $5.00 and $6.00 a week."

How can they live on it?

They can't. Everybody knows this, and everybody knows what it means to the girl.

The same state of things has been shown, again and again, in all our cities. Boards have investigated, and reported. The Roosevelt Home Committee investigated and reported. Congress has investigated, and reported. The newspapers know it, the Charity Boards know it, the Big Rich know it, the lawmakers know it, the Governments know it, and the Churches know it.

Lazarus lies at the door of every man's heart and conscience, and the Lazarus plaint is in every ear!

Listen to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain:

"Go outside the Highlands, you have hundreds of thousands of men—I wonder if there is not an odd million—working unceasingly for wages that barely bring them enough bread to keep themselves and their family above privation. Generation after generation they see their children wither before their eyes for lack of air, light, and space, which is denied them by men who have square miles of it for their own use. Take our cities, the great cities of a great Empire. Right in the heart of them everywhere you have ugly quagmires of human misery, seething, rotting, at last fermenting. We pass them by every day on our way to our comfortable homes. We forget that divine justice never passed by a great wrong. You can hear, carried by the breezes from the north, the south, the east, and the west, ominous rumbling. The chariots of retribution are drawing nigh. How long will all these injustices last for myraids of men, women, and children created in the image of God—how long? I believe it is coming to an end."

"The chariots of retribution are drawing nigh!" Indeed, they are.

Throughout the Christian world

"the scream of oppressed humanity" is being heard as it has never been, since the horrible Feudalism in which Pope and King, priest and peer, wellnigh crushed the very life out of the human race.

Special Privilege is the new name for the old foe: the modern pirate does not even have to risk going to sea: he sends his "laws" after the victim ships. The modern robber roes not even have to waylay the roads: he sends his "laws," and they do the rest.

The pirate and the robber are *the Government;* and "the laws" are the swords and the guns which effect the hold up.

Thomas Carlyle once said that there was never an excuse given for the Corn Laws that would not make angels weep.

Famine in Ireland, destitution and desperation in England, forced Sir Robert Peel to reverse himself and to open the ports of Great Britain *to untaxed food.*

He was a great man, a great soul. He ruined his career, and saved his country.

In defiance of all the enraged roaring of the "protected" land-lords of England, in spite of infuriated Dukes who saw danger to dropsical rent-rolls, *the Statesman* piloted his people out of the track of the storm.

Sir Robert killed one great monopoly, but others came, the Banking Trust the worst of all. And so it is that Loyd-George recognizes on every hand the shoreless sea of frightful poverty—a sea upon whose angry face the deadly cross-currents begin to boil.

* * * * * *

Is *this* the people among whom there was never a starveling before the Civil War? Is ours the land where Dickens said that a flaming sword, at midday, suspended from the skies, would not create greater amazement than a beggar in the streets?

Is this the Republic of which Congressional speakers, in the Forties and in the Fifties agreed in saying, "*We* have no poor?"

Dickens deplored our table manners, our promiscuous spitting, our self-conceit, our inclination to cheat, our proneness to fight: above all, he destested our slave system. But he did not say that the black slaves were unclothed, unfed, unhoused. In none of his American Notes will you find a trace of the indignation with which he described squalor and starvation, *among the whites*, in Italy and in England.

At that time, we were free from it.

What, then, has plunged us into this bottomless pit?

What created these restless barbarians that gather at street corners, pack themselves into miserable tenements, sprawl through the parks, shiver in the area-ways, and perish of cold and hunger?

The robber and the pirate are embodied in your Government; they dictate the damnable statutes that have usurped the place of Law: and the millions of human derelicts that now endanger the navigation of our Ship of State, *are the people who have been robbed.*

That was a fine picture we had of old John D. Rockefeller, *a fugitive from Justice*, fleeing from Ohio to New York, to escape taxation on his accumulated loot. Then, the infernal scoundrel and hypocrite went through the blizzard, in a covered automobile and wrapped in royal furs, *to attend "divine service."* He was careful to have the fact published—*the church being his City of Refuge.* Under forms of law, he has stolen more money than all the highwaymen, sneak-thieves, burglars and absconding cashiers that ever lived. Even the blood-stained booty of J. P. Morgan bears no comparison to that of pious John Rockefeller—although Morgan himself was a pious man. In fact, it seems that all those

Special Privilege robbers are strict church-goers, excepting Carnegie.

It is conceded that the hoard of pious John D. amounts to *nine hundred millions of dollars.* Twice that sum would be nearer the mark. The annual net income of that pious fraud must be $75,000,000.

At the time that John D. fled from Ohio to escape honest taxation, there were at least 100,000 needy families in the City to which he absconded. There were thousands of girls whose pitiful $5.00 per week were driving them to vice, or to the acutest suffering. There were hosts of unemployed, who were clamoring for work, and who could not *all* earn a year's livelihood shovelling snow. Even in New York, the snow does not cover the ground all the year round. The *snow* is there, to be sure, but it is not on the ground: it is the hearts of human monsters who have robbed the laborer of his hire, the producer of his store, the young of their chance, the old of their hopes.

Did the Christians of New York, led by pious John D., go forth upon the blizzard-swept streets, scattering food for the birds? Was there a farthing from every purse to plant oat-sheafs upon the roofs?

There were those in New York who had eaten ashes like bread, and who had mingled their drink with weeping. Their name was legion.

A noble woman who had seen and relieved much misery in the City declared that she had never, *in forty years*, seen so much utter destitution, such suffering from cold, from hunger, from sheer want of shelter and something to eat.

Did the richest Christians the world ever knew relieve these people whom they had stripped to the bone?

Dives is not accused of having robbed Lazarus. Dives did not inflict the wounds which his dogs licked. The Eternal Wrath shot its bolts at Dives, because he deafened his ear to the poor man's plea—shut his eyes to the poor man's pitiable plight.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, by God!

And when those Christian robbers of New York sent policemen with clubs to silence the plea of Lazarus at their doors, they sinned against common humanity, and against the Great Spirit that breathed life into us all.

It was not a case of the sparrow alone one the housetop: it was not the sparrow that was forgotten before God! No: it was the dying man, the starving woman, the perishing child, *right there before their eyes.*

Flesh of the same flesh, worshippers of the same God, companions in the same valley of shadows and sorrows and tears, *these* were the sparrows whom the rich robbers of New York left to be beaten like dogs with the clubs of brutal policemen.

Great God! What a shame!

The mansions of the rich were closed and cold: the churches of Jesus Christ, were too good to shelter these lost sheep, for a single night.

They were ordered out; and, when obedience was not prompt, *they were clubbed out.*

The temple of God, in New York, is for the saved, not for the lost; for the self-righteous, not for the publican; for purpled Dives, not for ragged Lazarus.

All the New York papers were properly scandalized because "hoboes" asked for a night's shelter in the churches. Who is the hoboe, and what made him what he is?

Charles Dickens did not find him here in the Fifties. Our statesmen all agreed that he was not existent: "*We have no poor.*"

Was he imported?

If so, who did it?

But we know that tens of thousands of these "hoboes" are not foreigners: they are our own people, pillaged and driven out from their homes by the

irresistible workings of the most diabolical system of "Special Privilege" that was ever yoked upon a people.

To what extent are those poor men and women worse, *in the sight of God*, than those who followed Christ and planted the Christian religion?

The New York *Sun* was particularly indignant at the mob which went into the churches, begging shelter for a night. It seems that several Protestant ministers yielded to the homeless wretches, fed them and sheltered them. The *Sun* impliedly condemned this weakness of the Protestant churches, for it singled out "Father" Schneider, of the St. Aloysius church, and praised him fulsomely because he refused to dilly-dally with the "danger." When the hungry outcasts came into the Catholic church, and begged for food and shelter, Father Schneider took a very high tone indeed. Although it was *then* at the dead of night, he rasped these men and women *for not going to work!*

The sleek, fat, insolent rascal, who never did a day's work in his whole life, peremptorily ordered the mob out of the Pope's church; and, very soon, the policemen were on hand with their brutal insults, threats, abuse, *and clubs.*

There were only twenty "worshippers" in the huge church at the time; and two of these were old women who were kneeling before an image of the Virgin Mary—a homeless mother on the very night she gave birth to Jesus Christ!

In the feed-trough of dumb-brutes, the infant Savior was laid; and in all the paintings which seek to picture to the eyes how it looked, there are the cattle in whose stable the Son of Man was born.

A few months ago, the Pope's gardener killed himself in despair: the papal receiver of $3,000,000 a year refused to allow his poor hireling enough to live on.

Not long afterwards Bishop Donohue sold the beds and the chairs from under a day-laborer in West Virginia, stripping the blanket off the bed to get his "rent."

Everywhere, the story is the same. Dives rules the churches. Special Privilege, enrobed in law, throned in power, and with soldiers ready to shoot down the insurgent, robs the unprivileged millions, driving them to destitution, desperation, despair.

"*The chariots of retribution are drawing nigh!*"

Grit

Ralph M. Thomson

Undaunted by the ills about,
The lowly nut-grass grows.
In times of plenty or of drought,
Undaunted by the ills about,
The blades will find a way to sprout,
Regardless of all foes.
Undaunted by the ills about,
The lowly nut-grass grows!

Why Should Americans Take Their Religion and Their Politics From a Foreigner?

BECAUSE the American Colonies were not represented in the British Parliament, our ancestors waged a long and cruel war against a pitiful little tax on tea and paper. In those primitive days, great sacrifices were made for *principle*. "Millions, for defense—not a cent for tribute!" was thought to have been a fine, Spartanesque declaration.

In those days, the heart thrilled at the words, *Home* rule. With splendid courage and fortitude, beaten generals and barefooted soldiers stood out against England's blandishments: and even the self-contained George Washington wrote to his overseer that he would rather his mansion at Mt. Vernon should be given to the flames than opened to the entertainment of British officers.

Those were the days of reckless, Viking manhood, when Rutledge of South Carolina, piratically captured by the English and imprisoned in the Tower of London, was cajoled and blarneyed by his captors who offered him freedom and restoration to home and loved ones, if he would but promise that on his return to this country, he would try to persuade Congress to accept Britain's terms of "Conciliation."

"I will lie here in this dungeon until I rot, before I will go free on such terms!" was substantially the answer of the South Carolina patriot.

Equally heroic was the answer of the Pennsylvania patriot Reed, when, as President of Congress, he was led to the Mount of temptation.

"I am a poor man, but the King of England hasn't enough gold to buy me!"

How near to the Alamo spirit, and to the spirit of Thermopylæ those answers seem! And yet they are the same as that of the Georgia girl who wrote to her soldier sweetheart, during the Civil War: she loved him more dearly than ever; she was ready to marry him when he could get a furlough and come home, but he "*must come honorable*," else she wouldn't. Poor girl! poor soldier! Just common, uneducated country folk.

He was killed in the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond; and the crumpled note his sweetheart had written was found in his pocket.

He hadn't got his furlough, and he could not leave the firing-line "*honorable*:" so he stayed there and died there —while his "true love" waited in Georgia.

God of our Fathers! is the old spirit dying out? Is it to "have a good time," and heap up riches, and hold office, and wear doodab decorations, and blaze with actual or imaginary gold lace that we spend our few years upon these shifting sands? Is the splendor of Individualism gone? Shall no man shake himself free from fetters, and walk alone with his God, proud of his freedom, superb in his strength, fearless save to do wrong, radiant in the glory of battling for Right?

Not long ago, we heard the leader of the National Democratic party declare, at a National Convention, "I am tired of being *in a minority*." Not tired of being in the wrong: not tired of a faith that was right: but tired of being *in the minority*. And his party was equally fatigued. Consequently, after many indescribable abasements, secret bargains, shameful deals, pusillanimous apostasies, and innumerable lies, this great Democratic party ceased to be in the minority.

It deserted Valley Forge, even before the season of cold and hunger. It

abandoned the Alamo, even before the Mexicans had fired a shot. It fled from the Pass of Thermopylæ, even before any Persians were in sight. It would not march with George Rogers Clarke through the flooded Wabash regions to capture Old Vincennes. It would not follow General Green in his heart-breaking retreat through the Carolinas —a retreat which, *via* King's Mountain and the Southern Volunteers, led to the crowning glory of Yorktown!

No, indeed! The great Democratic party, tired of being right in the minority, went wrong to gain the majority, *selling the birthright of the Republic* for a mess of party pottage.

Where now are the betrayed people to look for the guardians of their hard-won, blood-bought liberties? Where are the champions of Equal Opportunities and equal rights? Who will seek, lance in hand, the Holy Grail from which the sacred band of our colonial heroes once drank?

Down, down have gone the principles which the rebellious barons traced with their swords into *Magna Carta*. Down, down have sunk the principles for which Olver Cromwell struck off the head of a treacherous, tyrannical King.

The military power has again risen above the civil.

The settled, uniform, knowable law of codes and constitutions can be thrust aside, at any moment: and their orderly places can be taken by the unsettled, arbitrary, variable, and unknowable criminalities of so-called "Martial Law." Any riot, any strike, any conflagration, any flood, any epidemic may abolish the National Constitution, the State Constitution, the Code, the civil courts and the civil officers.

In their stead, we see the monstrous doings of extemporized "Martial Law," a law which has absolutely no existence in our system and which has been recently imported from abroad. Our military fanatics, State and National, are crazy to imperialize our whole system, and their watchword is that of General Sherman Bell, of Colorado infamy—

"*To hell with the Constitution!*"

Few are so blind as not to see that Militarism comes from foreign lands and past ages.

If the mail-clad autocrat of extreme Feudalism could ride down the corridors of Time, on his mail-clad warhorse, he would find himself in a congenial atmosphere and environment. Relieved of his irksome armor, he would clothe himself in the "law" of Special Privilege. His sword would give way to a pen. His armoured steed would get out of the way of the steel-clad automobile and the armored train. He wouldn't have to risk his carcass in the melee of battle. He would sit in his office, and hire one-half the people to fight the other half. Or, he would fling a bone among the starved dogs of humanity, and enjoy the sight as the starvelings fought over it.

Special Privilege is our Feudalism; and "Martial Law" is the behest of the fortress-castle to the unwalled, defenceless urbanites. "Down, ye rabble! Down ye dogs! *Down*, or we will shoot you down!"

General Sherman Bell, General Weyler, the Russian Czar, the German Kaiser, General Huerta, General Diaz, the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Guise, the Butcher Duke of Cumberland—all were of the same type; and the old foes come again in modern dress and modern guile.

* * * * * *

As long as our laws were made at home, by the homefolks, and for the homefolks, our Republic was a blessed thing, free, untrammelled, without a beggar and without a privileged buccaneer. What stealing was done, was done on a small scale and in violation of law. *Such* stealing was often punished and made odious. Those were the simple days when the harlot wore

a red letter on her bosom; and if the Elders desired to visit Susannah, they were not liable to make any serious mistake as to who was Susan.

Nowadays, the stealing is done by law, on a scale of grandeur; and the grandees who run the machinery soothe their consciences and pacify Society by sending pilferers to jail.

As to the scarlet woman, her red lettel "A." has been amplified into a wardrobe, and it is about all that fashion allows her to wear. You can blushingly glance at the Sunday supplements, and see that for yourself. Barring the supplement, you might read one of Edith Wharton's novels, say, "The Custom of the Country."

Since Gertrude Atherton wrote her book on Alexander Hamilton, no woman of the pen has so glorified adultery as Edith Wharton does. Her good folks kill themselves or suffer tortures: her bad folks riot through the Ten Commandments, with clothes off, and live happily ever after.

* * * * * *

As to our "religion," it is difficult to find words of wisdom, moderation and comfort. There are symptoms which indicate that the whole thing is about to fall to pieces.

William Howard Taft says that Jesus Christ was a natural born Jew; and we elect Mr. Taft to be our President.

A man of the name of Charles F. Aked says that Jesus Christ was a natural born Jew; and we straightway turn him out among the Angora goats.

Why this difference between Taft and Aked? No one can explain it.

We exchange pulpits; we hobnob with infidels; we laughingly make laws against those who laugh at religion; we go to church to hear the man of God tell us what God thinks on various subjects, and next day when the man of God comes to the store to buy provisions we solemnly explain that our store is run on a cash basis. Not only that, when the biggest thief the world ever saw goes to church in his covered car, in spite of the freeze which pinches all the uncovered millions from whom that biggest of thieves has stolen money by law, we gladly read in all the newspapers how John D. Rockefeller "braved the blizzard to attend divine service."

A foreign formalism has taken possession of our churches. Our Sunday is not what it used to be: it is the European holiday of play, of drink, or vice, of riot and crime. The American Sunday is gone. Don't understand me to mean the Blue-law Sabbath on which a smile was indecorous, and a kiss was a crime. No: I do not mean that.

The old-time Sunday that I have in mind is that on which the stress and the strain and the toil of the week was ended: when quietude and leisure fell upon the home and the farm: when idle lounging in the shade of the big trees was not neglect of duty: when the young married folks could go to spend the day with the old folks, at the old home, where children romped over the house and grounds as their elders sat and talked; when those who felt like going to church, went; and those who preferred a day of rest and reading had their own way about it; when the relaxation of the Seventh Day "knitted up the ravelled sleeve of care" and the worn muscles, and nerves and brain took in the nectar of natural recuperation.

It was *not* the Sunday of the Amusement Park, of the Ball-game, of the Beer garden, of the Seaside Resort. It did not reek of Coney Island: it did not smack of the Italian carnival: it did not smell of the Excursion boat. It was merely the day of Rest—a white, beautiful day that came in between the struggling lines of competition, halted them, and beat down their arms, as in the olden time the Sabine women rushed in between the lines of battle

and stopped the combat of contending hosts.

Our Martial Law has come from foreign times and foreign lands: our Special Privilege has come to us from abroad and from dead empires: our Continental Sabbath has come to us from the lands where popery dictated the laws, the creeds, the customs and the manners. Shall we import the foreign church, also?

Special Privilege says "Yes," for Special Privilege needs the buttress of a religion which teaches blind obedience, destroys Individualism, wages relentless war upon freedom of every kind, and which works with profound art and prodigious energy *for one-man power.*

The Pope is the world's climax of One-man power, the most stupendous impostor ever known to mankind. Yet his machinery is the perfection of human labor and human art. It places the priest in the seat of God, and offers to Special Privilege an ally whose interest is identical with the Feudalism of wealth.

"*Let us unite, rule the world, and divide the spoil.*"

In substantially that language the Popes made terms with Constantine and his weaker successors. On those terms, Popes allied themselves to Charlemagne, the father of Charlemagne, and the sons of Charlemagne. On those terms, the Popes leagued themselves with the Norman robbers who devastated Sicily, Ireland and England. On those terms, Popes blessed the .bloody hands of such marauders as Columbus, Pizarro and Cortez. On those terms, the partnership of Popes with Kings worked in Germany, Spain, Portugal, France, South America, Mexico, *and in Ireland,* until the very heart was well nigh eaten out of peoples and nationalities.

At this very time, the Pope has blessed the bloody hands of Huerta, has received the usual bribe from him, and has officially honored at the Vatican, the ambassador of the Judas who betrayed Madero, and then murdered him.

Between the people of the United States and their President now stands the papal spy, Joseph Patrick Tumulty, Jesuit and Knight of Columbus—in both capacities a traitor.

At the head of our Supreme Court is another Jesuit. The Army and Navy are being rapidly Romanized. Our politicians and editors abase themselves before the Italian influence; our schools are being undermined; our public libraries Jesuitized; *our literature poisoned at its source.*

Are the American people ready to take their religion from *a purely local Italian church?*

The Baptist faith is world-wide and the control is not localized anywhere. *The same vital truth is applicable to the Protestant churches of every name.*

But the Pope's church is a strictly local Italian church. It has been so for 400 years. It always will be so. Why? Because Italians have the control of the Central Tammany which they are pleased to call "The Sacred College."

This gang of Italian grafters appoint the Pope, and they always appoint an Italian. Naturally. Then, the Italian Pope appoints the men who fill the vacancies in the sacred college, and he appoints enough Italians to control it. Naturally.

Thus the Sacred College is a close corporation that perpetuates itself, and perpetually holds the papacy.

Therefore, the Pope's church is a strictly Italian corporation, and the self-interest of the Italians will always keep it so.

Consequently, *this* church will always be foreign to any people, outside of Italy.

This Italian church does not refer you to the Bible: it refers you to the

decrepit Italian who happens to be Pope.

This Italian church does not appeal to Christ, nor to Revelation, nor to human reason; it refers you to the senile Italian who happens to be the Pope.

This Italian church does not ask you to investigate, to develop yourself, to search for Truth throughout the universe, and to lean upon the All-father for wisdom and for mercy: it demands that you kiss the Pope's most adorable foot, and allow this Italian slave of the Italian cardinals to govern your mind, your body, your present, your future, your family and yourself.

If *you* are ready to take your religion and your politics from this licentious Ring of Italian priests and politicians, you must be intensely pleased at the manner in which the foot-kissers are bossing things in this erst-while Republic.

Surgeon-General U. S. Army:

DR. WILLIAM C. GORGAS AND MOTHER

Courtesy *Confederate Veteran.*

Random Notes and Clippings

A VETERAN of the Crimean War, living in Seattle and publishing a weekly paper there, is one of the few editors who writes what he thinks. Being a man of world-wide experience, superior mind, and much knowledge, his thinking is worth while.

For instance—

> The execution of that Englishman in Mexico the other day calls to mind that interesting event that happened in Havana some forty years ago, that of the "Virginius." The "Virginius" was an American steamer carrying on a contraband trade with the Cuban patriots. The captain was arrested by the Spanish authorities, tried, and ordered to be shot. The British consul, of his own volition, rushed to the scene of execution and threw the British flag over the American prisoner and dared the authorities to fire into the British flag. The execution was stayed and the prisoner was liberated. Now suppose that the American consul, in Jaurez, had rushed to the scene of execution of the Englishman, the other day, and had thrown the American flag over the Englishman for protection, does anyone think for a moment that the Mexicans would have respected it? Not a bit of it! they would have been glad of the chance to fire into it; and what a magic effect it would have had, for it would have combined every faction in Mexico against the common enemy. No matter how much they fight each other, they are all one against the Americans. And why are they so bitter against Americans, but have no complaint, or very little, against other foreigners? It is because the wealthy, and powerful, Americans have plundered them so unmercifully, and other foreigners have not. The powerful American impostors are doing no worse with the Mexicans than they do with us here at home, but we tolerate it in order to show our superior intelligence.

* * * * * *

Are "We-the-People of the U. S." the people who assured the world that we did not wage the Spanish War for conquest? We are. Did we ask the world to take our word for it that our motives were benevolent and altruistic? We did. Were we, at the same time, lying outrageously, and did the whole world know it? Yes, emphatically. In proof of which, allow me to cite the naive testimony of one Frederic Palmer, published in the New York American, owned and operated by one William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Palmer is used as a witness in the great international question as to whether the American Admiral Dewey bluffed the German fleet, or whether the German Admiral Von Diederichs bluffed the American fleet. This dispute ranks, in practical importance, with the hotly contested incident—or no incident—of Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Freitchie.

But Frederic Palmer, War Correspondent and ex-officio partner of the Truth-of-History, was called upon to prove that Admiral Dewey bluffed Admiral Diederichs. He proves it to the Queen's taste, but not to the taste of Von Diederichs.

Incidentally, Palmer testified, quite as a matter of course—

> Everybody knew that the Philippines were a rich prize. The European nations were looking for rich prizes and continental European sympathy was largely on the side of Spain. Indeed, as yet many foreign critics believed that Spain would win in the end. They deprecated Dewey's victory as being unimportant in relation to the Atlantic situation. If any foreign power should decide there was an opportunity to get the Philippines, the blow to be struck at Dewey would not be delayed. It would come out of the blue.
>
> Naturally, one of Dewey's first acts was to establish a blockade of the port of Manila. The rules of blockade which he applied and which the Germans broke were those admitted by all international authorities, including the German.
>
> His squadron represented the force in command of the bay and at war with the forces on shore. A blockade means that there can be no communication with the

shore by any neutral ships without the consent of the blockading power, and its authority must be recognized by all neutral ships.

All the foreign squadrons, including the Japanese, sent ships of observation to Manila Bay.

Where the carcass is, there the eagles will be, also. Where the corpse floats, the sharks gather. Where the caribou limps, the wolves collect.

"Everybody knew that the Philippines were *a rich prize*."

Ah! So we were blockading Manila Bay to keep the other spoilsmen out. At that very time, as Dewey's own story shows, the Filipino insurgents who had revolted from the Spanish friars, were fighting with us, *as our allies*. Dewey's own Memoirs specifically state that fact. Yet after having told the world that it was not a war of conquest, and after having used the Filipinos to beat the Spaniards, *we turned upon our own allies and shot them into subjection*, in order that our corporations should own another "rich prize."

* * * * * *

Our U. S. Supreme Court will soon be able to obliterate another of our laws, and increase its own profound popularity.

This august tribunal has decided that the constitutional safeguard against involuntary servitude does not apply to sailors. The decision not only makes slave-pens out of our ships, but extends the aid of our police to foreign vessels when any of *their* involuntary servants try to regain freedom.

Apparently, there is no Underground Railway to expedite the escape of the white slaves, as there was in the good old days of Abolition virtues, Sharp's rifles, Uncle Tom's Cabin and run-away niggers.

Our Supreme Court has also legalized the illegal Trusts, by illegally interpolating "elasticity" into our legal Sherman Anti-Trust law. Instead of that law being a bloodhound trailing the unreasonable Trusts, it has become a citadel, and all the unreasonable Trusts—having been made reasonable by the highest judicial authority—are now camping in it.

Again, we supposed we had a Pure Food law, which penalized the poisoning of what we eat. It was all a mistake. We haven't got such a law. The Supreme Court has applied the Rule of Reason to it, and found it unreasonable.

The law now is, that poison may be put into flour, for instance, provided you don't use too much poison in proportion to the amount of flour. How much poison is too much? It all depends. The amount of poison that might kill *you*, might improve *me*: you never can tell. It's like the mistake about the mushrooms: the survivors discuss the matter at the funeral.

Again, we have—or suppose we have—some laws guaranteeing to every man the right to acquire property, and to dispose of it as he sees fit. But the Supreme Court is asked to say that these constitutional rights of an American do not remain his, after he has vowed himself into one of the Italian Pope's man-traps.

After these vows, he is claimed to be a Pope's man, owned and controlled by a foreign potentate, and stripped of the inherent, constitutional right to acquire property, to inherit the same, and to dispose thereof as per *our* laws. It is claimed that in such a case, the Pope's law, *the foreign law*, must override *our* law; and that whatever property was earned, inherited, or given, *must go to the Italian Pope*, and not to the American heirs of the American citizen.

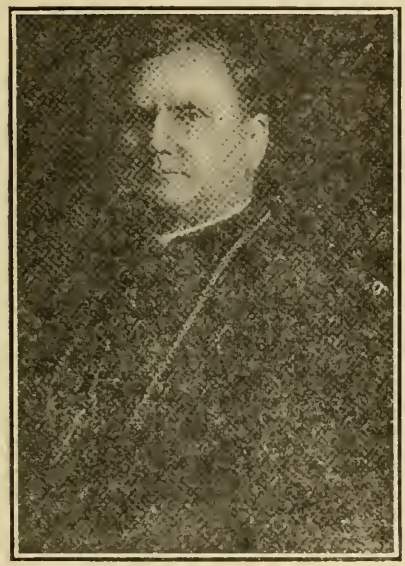
In other words, our Supreme Court is asked to hold that the foreign potentate, the Italian Pope, can make laws concerning liberty and property, *which nullify our laws on those subjects*, and which deprive American citizens of

their liberty and their property *without due process of law.*

It must be supremely gratifying to the Pope to know that this vital question is to be passed upon by the Supreme Court *after* it has been Jesuitized by Edward White, the Chief Justice, and the author of the Rule of Reason.

* * * * * *

Below you may find the sweet, pious face of James Edward Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago. James Edward is the man who publicly boasted of the Italian Pope's American Militia, and



ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY OF CHICAGO.

who declared that if ever we attempted to tax the Pope's property, the Pope's Militia would answer our ballots with bullets.

Archbishop Quigley, publicly referred to what France, Spain and Portugal had done to the Pope's church, and explained that the Romanists had been compelled to submit, *because* the foot-kissers were not prepared for a fight. But in this country, he said, "We are organized and prepared." Therefore, if our laws conflict with the laws and interests of a foreign church and its monarch, the American Militia of the papal monarchy will answer our "ballots with bullets."

Thank you, James Edward! You, and that astounding ass, William O'Connell, of Boston, have helped us mightily in our efforts to arouse sleeping Americans.

* * * * * *

Bernard Vaughan is another of the Pope's favorite virgins. He is Cardinal, or something, in England. His

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

specialty is to convert the ladies. Bernard looks like a man who might know how to do it.

Being a virgin, it is necessary for Bernard to live the hard, dry, meagre, ascetic life of the anchorite. He eats nothing but weak, watery vegetables. Meat might warm him up. He drinks nothing stronger than whey and Vichy water. Wine might set him on fire. He drinks hemlock, as the ancient male virgins did, whenever he feels the old Adam rising within him. He

avoids luxurious clothing and beds: they tend to carnalities and unmentionabilities. Like older Saints in the Roman calendar, he often stands immersed in icy streams, and often rolls naked in the drifted snow, trying to cool off. Like the older Saints, he frequently has to howl and break for the woods, running at full speed, until the Devil quits the chase.

By means of this course of life, and these severe castigations of the flesh, "Father" Vaughan has remained a virgin.

His face shows it.

As I have already said his special line is, the conversion of the ladies.

* * * * * *

The following news item appeared in some American papers:

POPE HORRIFIED AT MURDER OF BENTON.

Rome, March 4.—Pope Pius today received in audience Monsignor Tomasso Beggiani, apostolic delegate to Mexico.

The pontiff discussed at length the situation in Mexico, and evinced horror at the killing of William S. Benton at Jaurez. He also inquired about the delay in permitting the United States Government to investigate Benton's death.

The Pope, then, has recognized Huerta? If not ,why the "apostolic delegate?" If the Pope *has* recognized Huerta, is not that a hint to the United States?

The Benton murder was no doubt brutal; but, as Villa himself said, it was on a par with other military murders. But after all, Benton was not Villa's chief, and Villa did not betray him before having him killed. In the Madero case, there was the blackest treachery, the foulest betrayal, the most atrocious murder. Did the Pope express any horror at *that?*

On the contrary, he condones it by recognizing Huerta's government, *after* the ruthless old Judas had sent a huge sum of money to Rome.

Maybe if Villa had sent the money, the Pope might have expressed horror at the murder of Madero.

With the Italian church, it is very much a question of *who sends the money.*

* * * * * *

They have already indicated the next Italian who is to be "our Lord God the Pope." His name is Ferrata.

The Italian church for the last 400 years has invariably made its God out of an Italian. Naturally. But why does such a local machine, locally governed in Italy by Italians and for Italians, ask the Irish, the Germans, the Poles, the French, the English, and the Americans to accept it as the universal church?

One might as well call Tammany Hall the universal Democracy.

No other Christian church is bossed by a local, self-elected and self-perpetuating corporation.

From all over the Roman Catholic world money flows to Rome, and none comes away. To all parts of the Roman Catholic world, the Italian corporation sends orders, and wherever they go, *they go.*

Thus the one church which claims universality, is the one church that is a close, secret, despotic and self-continuing local organization.

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THE LEGACY OF JOHN HAY.

No sane American contends that we have not the right to make whatever regulations we please about tolls through the Panama Canal. We have the right, and we probably have the duty. A treaty has been negotiated by John Hay with the British Ahbassador Pauncefote that attempts to rob us of the control of our own possessions. President Wilson, from mere diplomacy, inclines to waive any claim that America may have in exempting the coastwise trade from tolls. This is to be sop for England's good will. We incline to the belief that there is enough patriotism in Congress to defeat any such project. The only way to England's good-

will is the sterling one Cleveland gave in his declaration about Venezuela. If the good will of any nation must be purchased at the expense of self-respect we do not think it worth the price. Least of all do we think it so when a nation takes advantage of our present difficulties with Mexico and Japan to drive a sharp bargain. The flunky Hay, who in life deceived so many by his chicanery and oily hypocrisy, will appear in history for what he was, a thoroughly despicable man.

The above is clipped from the popish paper *The New World*, which is especially blessed and patronized by Archbillygoat James Edward Quigley, and by the Greatest Bridgebuilder, (*Pontifex Maximus*) Papa Pius X.—Joe Sarto.

The following is a standing notice in *The New World*:

THE HOLY FATHER'S BLESSINGS,—To our beloved children, the writers and readers of The New World, published in Chicago, under the auspices of the Most Reverend Archbishop of that city: We impart with cordial affection our apostolic benediction and invoke for them every good and salutary gift in the Lord.

From the Palace of the Vatican, 6th day of April 1907.

PIUS X. PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

"A treaty *has been* negotiated by John Hay with the British Ambassador Pauncefote that attempts to rob us of our own possessions."

The treaty *was* negotiated in 1901, by our Secretary of State, John Hay, and it was hailed as a triumph of American biplomacy, *because* it shook us free from the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, by which we had bound ourselves to go in cohoot with Great Britain in making the Canal.

Secretary Hay rid us of an entangling alliance. He won for us the absolute control of the Isthmus ditch. But, being an honest man and a clearheaded diplomat, he agreed with Mr. Pauncefote that all vessels should *navigate* the Canal on equal terms.

Our Special Privilege buccaneers seek to hog the Canal for themselves, *by exempting their ships from paying the* $1.20-*a-ton tolls*, which all other vessels will have to pay. In other words, our Railroad thieves and Shipbuilding thieves are trying to steal our Canal, drive off competition, and vastly increase the annual loot of Special Privilege.

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"The flunkey John Hay who in life deceived so many by his chicanery and oily hypocrisy, will appear in history for what he was, a thoroughly despicable man."

So says the paper which is honored by the especial blessings of Quigley and of Joseph Sarto, the Bridgebuilding Pius X.

O that *any* Romanist should condemn "chicanery and oily hypocrisy!"

Saint Liguori, where is thy blush?

Peter Dens, thou Moral-Theology expert of "our Lord God the Pope," where is thy mantling cheek?

"Chicanery and oily hypocrisy!" Is that a side wipe at the Prince of Baltimore, J. Card. Gibbons?

* * * * * *

Perhaps you are curious to know why *The New World* hates the very name of that splendid gentleman, John Hay, who was one of the cleanest, most intellectual men that ever unhappily abandoned Literature and gave himself to politics.

Would you care to learn *why* this Romanist paper so foully *lies* about John Hay, and about the great diplomatic triumph he won for his country?

It is because John Hay travelled in Spain, as Charles Dickens travelled in Italy; and *John Hay published a book describing the blighting effect of popery*, just as Dickens did.

In his "Castilian Days," John Hay drew the companion picture to Dickens' "Notes from Italy."

Hence the undying and malignant

hatred of the papists toward John Hay: *and hence their nasty eagerness to desecrate his grave.*

* * * * * *

In the Milwaukee *Leader*, we find the following:

William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, has been horrified by the extravagance of an American consul.

A secret investigation revealed to Mr. Bryan that the consul at Amsterdam was paying a scrub woman $2.00 a week for her services, when, by a proper consideration for economy, he might have got off by paying her 50 cents a week. So the consul has been dismissed from the service for his extravagance and a fellow Democrat, whose name is blown in the bottle, appointed in his stead.

We must have economy in Democratic administration, even if Mr. Bryan finds it necessary to eke out a meager salary of $12,000 a year by taking his turn with the yodelers. Fifty cents a week is enough for scrub women. They carry no life insurance and their investments are not unprofitable. They ought to hear Bryan's lecture on "The Prince of Peace." Then they'd be spiritualized and would understand how sordid it is to take $2.00 a week when there are women who are willing to scrub for less.

The Democratic party is pledged to economy, and scrub women and watchmen should understand that a Democratic pledge is as sacred as an authenticated relic of a medieval saint.

* * * * * *

Here is another clipping that should not willingly die:

DESTROYING RELIGION.

The School Board of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, refused to permit the school house to be used for the discussion of the question as to whether railroads were practical or not, and the matter was recently called to mind by an old document that reads in part as follows: "You are welcome to use the school house to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour, by steam, he would have clearly foretold through his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

* * * * * *

Two or three years ago, Mr. Hearst's New York paper published a cartoon in which Papa Sarto did not look nicely.

The intolerant bigots who delight to kiss Sarto's foot immediately got busy, beat the tom-toms, prepared the stink-pots, and began to mix war-paint.

Hearst was frightened; fell on his knees, apologized, and was grudgingly forgiven.

In spite of this lesson, another Hearst paper went astray. I find the news in the Feb. 1914 issue of *The Bulletin* which is secretly circulated by the Ancient Order of American Foot-Kissers:

Recently "The Examiner" of San Francisco published an article on Queen Isabella of Spain, written by a special writer, Rev. Thomas P. Gregory, in which statements derogatory to the memory of that worthy Catholic queen were made. The valiant editor of a Catholic paper of that city called the attention of the Daughters of Isabella to the malicious statement, and a committee of the San Francisco court waited on the editor of "The Examiner," and in no uncertain terms expressed its disapproval of the insult to the name and fame of the woman who is the patron of the organization. The result is a retraction by the Hearst sheet, showing what a powerful weapon of defense is a well organized Catholic society, earnest, intelligent and ready.

As this *Bulletin* is secretly circulated, Mr. Hearst may not know how gleefully the foot-kissers are boasting.

(A little bird brings *The Bulletin* to me, on the sly.)

Now, the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory is not a personal acquaintance of mine, but I read the historical sketches he writes and I know him to be a conscientious and conservative student.

As to Isabella of Spain, she was no worse than the average Romanist of her day, and was considerably less diabolical than that hateful old husband of hers, Ferdinand.

Isabella believed it to be her duty to burn Jews and heretics, for the Pope and his devilish priests had taught her so. She likewise derived a holy pleasure from butchering the Moors, who were the best farmers, architects and scholars of those days.

Isabella was a hell-cat of high degree, of irresistible power, and of saintly training: therefore she eagerly aided in the wholesale massacres, expulsions and confiscations which "our Lord God the Pope," sent upon the Israelites, the Moriscoes, and such of the Spaniards as held opinions of their own concerning "our Lord God the Pope."

For a thousand years of persecution and Romish bigotry, it was a crime, punishable by death, for any Spaniard to own a Bible, or to hold any religious belief that wasn't stamped as o. k. by the Pope.

If Mr. Hearst has to get down on his knees to the Italian church many more times, he will need a cushion to keep the corns off his legs.

Did Mr. Hearst investigate the statements made against Isabella? Did he investigate the defense put up in her behalf? Did he offer to leave the question of historical truth to impartial and competent judges?

No: he did not. He surrendered on demand; and the secret circular of the treasonous Knights of Columbus point to his case, as an example of what can be done by the brutal, bull-dozing methods of Romish secret societies.

* * * * * *

A Spanish gentleman, Senor Don Adolfo De Castro, wrote a book which he called

"*RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.*"

A translation into English was published in London in 1853, seventeen years before Italy itself rose against the infamies of popery, overthrew the Temporal Power of the Impostor, and chased the Great Dragon temporarily out of Rome.

Who established the damnable Inquisition in Spain?

Ferdinand and Isabella did it!

And the Jews who suffered so terribly from it accuse Isabella of being the first to yield to the blood-thirsty priests.

Thus Samuel Usque says that the Queen was much readier than the King, *to persecute.* (See Castro's work, p. 15.)

"Ferdinand and his consort (Isabella) allowed themselves to be persuaded by the clergy, . . . *but especially was Isabella overcome by their persuasions.*"

"Ferdinand and Isabella never respected those laws of Spain which stood in the way of their purpose. For this reason the Cortes was not consulted with reference to the establishment of the Inquisition, lest the voice of humanity should have prevailed against *this attempt to enslave conscience.*"

"The Inquisition, availing itself of flames, tortures, and confiscations, *began to feed itself with the miserable objects of its hatred.*

No lips were permitted to complain: none to offer consolation to the persecuted." (De Castro, page 17.)

Who was it that, after the conquest of the Moors at Granada, issued the horrible decree against the Jews?

Ferdinand, *and Isabella.*

Under that ferocious decree, *which violated Spanish law,* the wretched Hebrews were ignominiously and barbariously thrust out of Spain.

The Pope was so greatly pleased by this and similar acts of intolerant inhumanity that he conferred upon both Fernando and Isabella the title of "*the*

Catholic Kings." (Religious Intolerance in Spain; pages 25 and 26.)

Of Isabella, her countryman Don Adolfo De Castro says—

* * * "her fanaticism touched on the borders of madness.

With strange infutation, she deplored a wounded conscience, for having assisted by her presence at a bull-fight, witnessing the death of brutes; and yet, with complacency, she could give up the unfortunate Jews and Moors to be consumed alive in the flames." (Same, page 30.)

In Dr. Thomas McCrie's "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, page 89, we are told how *THE POPE ISSUED THE BULL AUTHORIZING THE ESTABLISMENT OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN*, on November 1st, 1478.

It was not until September 1480, that Ferdinand and Isabella named the first Inquisitors; and it was on January 2, 1481, that the diabolical machine was put in motion, in the Dominican convent of St. Paul, at Seville. Two years later, the eternally infamous Torquemada was placed in charge of this Devil-work, *which the Pope had officially sanctioned.*

Pope Sixtus IV. in a letter to Isabella said that "he had felt the most lively desire to see it, (the Inquisition) introduced into the kingdom of Castile." (Llorente 1, 164. McCrie, 114.)

But more than 200 years prior to this time, Pope Gregory IX. had created the Papal Inquisition; and, in 1231, the frightful sentence of *death by fire* had been pronounced by Rome itself against all "heretics."

Ferdinand and Isabella threatened the most savage punishment against any Spaniard who should translate the Bible into Spanish, or any other common language; and also forbade the reading of any such translation. The Bible must remain in the dead languages, Latin and Greek, so that the Pope and the priests could readily palm off their pagan impositions as religion.

(See McCrie, p. 192. De Castro contra Hœreses, 1. lib. cap. 13.)

* * * * * *

The heads of the hierarchies of all the leading churches show an inclination to get together. Naturally. They are conservationists, eager to conserve their own powers, revenues and immunities. Broadly speaking, these great churches are at a stand-still. From generation to generation, they maintain their relative strength. When money-making corporations reach that stage, they cut out the competition, *and merge.* Many tobacco manufacturers become the Tobacco Trust: many whiskey stills become the Whiskey Trust: many iron foundries become the Steel Trust. Is there a Medical Trust? Is there a School-book Trust? Is there a School-teachers Trust? Is there a Theatrical Trust? Rumors to that effect are in the atmosphere.

Have the heads of the great churches taken up the idea that their competitive shops ought to be merged into a Religious Trust?

The New York *Sun* is waging war upon the Associated Press, alleging that it is a Trust. I am willing to swear that the American News Company is a Trust, for I have felt its club, just as the New York *Sun* has felt the bludgeon of the Associated Press.

Now, if the Top-Knotters in all the big churches should come together, and agree upon the Union scale and the Union pass-word and the Union principle, thus forming a Holy Trust battling for the Top-Knotters, in the name of the Lord, it seems to me that we might as well rinse our mouths and kiss the foot of Brother Joseph Sarto, the Italian who sits in the "Chair" of Peter the Jew.

* * * * * *

Arguing in favor of this very thing, Arthur F. J. Remy writes, in *The Christian Work and Evangelist*—

"In speaking for the Catholic church, I am speaking for a church which has always possessed a successfully maintained *unity*."

Is that true? No, indeed, it isn't. The Roman Catholic church rent the whole Christian world when it persisted in the selfishly ambitious effort to make every church bow to the Bishop of Rome. Thus we have the Greek Catholics who, if the truth were known, probably outnumber the pope's following. (Catholic "statistics" are notoriously padded.)

Then, there were the Nestorians who rejected popery, and who have always maintained themselves in the East.

Again, there were the Waldensians whom the papists endeavored in vain to exterminate, and who are stronger today than ever.

Instead of having maintained unity in Christ, popery has torn Christendom into fragments, drenched the earth with human blood, and given to Atheism, Deism, Agnosticism and Socialism enormous leverage.

No sane man or woman, who really knows what popery IS, could possibly be a papist.

* * * * * *

The Italian Government has selected Nathan, the Jew, to be its representative at the Panama Exposition. This Hebrew gentleman served several terms as Mayor of Rome, and seldom lost an opportunity to tell mankind what a preposterous humbug the pope is. Consequently the foot-kissers do not love Nathan, the Jew.

With their usual insolence and intolerance, the Romanist Secret Societies are resolving that our Government shall not receive Mr. Nathan as Italy's delegate to our Exposition! The Romanists have almost taken possession of the San Francisco Fair, and are determined to run it for the glory of their alleged Holy Church.

Will President Wilson and William Jenkins Bryan *knuckle to the papists, AND INSULT THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT*, because of the clamor of these Secret societies, these seedbeds of Treason?

* * * * * *

Tumulty is still our acting President. Between Wilson and the people who elected him, this papal spy stands; and nothing can get to Wilson until Tumulty, the Jesuit spy, allows it to pass.

Tumulty says that he has destroyed thousands of letters, without letting the President see them, letters written by American citizens who are not under an oath of allegiance to a foreign potentate, as Tumulty is.

These letters were protests against the amazing favoritism which both Wilson and Bryan are showing to popery.

How *can* the President know who it is that writes to him, and what it is that his fellow citizens wish to communicate to him, when this papal spy is destroying thousands of his letters?

* * * * * *

In the Cincinnati Times-Star, Jan. 12 1914, appeared an article by Gus J. Karger, Staff Correspondent, who wrote from Washington City.

In this special from the Capital, Tumulty was pictured and praised as the acting President at the White House. Please weigh carefully the following statements and then ask yourself whether such a Secretary is not a dangerous person to be placed *between you and your Chief Servant.*

Something happened not long ago that aroused his (Tumulty's) most intense feelings on this particular subject. An old man, a sickly old man at that, with a family of four to support and a Government pay of $1.40 a day to do it, felt himself aggrieved. The military man under whose supervision his daily work as a

sweeper of paths and incineration of dead foliage is performed, had laid him off for a trifling dereliction of some sort. That $1.40 daily looked bigger and bigger, as it trailed off toward the vanishing point. The old man appealed to Tumulty.

Tumulty didn't know him from Adam's off or nigh ox, but Tumulty felt something swelling within him as he listened to the unfortunate's hardluck story. And immediately he proceeded to make that man's grievance his own. He wrote a letter to the military gentleman—he's a captain—whose orders were responsible for the path-sweeper's suspension. It was a dandy letter, full of language and Irish indignation.

It Brought Results.

Did it bring immediate results? It did—but not the results Tumulty had anticipated. The next day his protege called again, greatly perturbed "I've been fired," he reported "fired for talking too much and for going over a superior's head."

When Joseph P. received this jolt, he was good to look upon. His ordinarily red cheeks assumed a rich crimson hue. Those gentle blue eyes of his flashed fire. He didn't write any more letters. He went to the phone, and he didn't call up the captain, but addressed himself to the major. Whereupon, **assuming to speak on the authority of the President of the United States, he demanded that the complainant be reinstated, and that the major stand not on the order of reinstating, but reinstate. Which he did.**

This workman, a Roman Catholic, had broken a rule, and was suspended for it. That is done every day, in the railroad service, in the Government service, and in private business. There *must* be rules, and there *must be* authority to enforce them.

This sweeper of dead leaves was getting $1.40 of your money. He violated a rule, and was laid off for a few days, as a matter of discipline.

Did he appeal to the Major? No. To the President? No. To any member of the District Committee, or to the Superintendent? No. He flew over the heads of all these superiors, and went to the Jesuit, Tumulty.

Did Tumulty investigate the rights and the wrongs of the matter? Did Tumulty consult the President? No. Tumulty arrogantly took charge of the whole business, and peremptorily ordered the Major to peremptorily order the Captain to reinstate the leaf-sweeper at $1.40 per day.

(*The Pope's gardeners are paid 70 cents a day!*)

* * * * * *

Continuing his story of the omnipotent Tumulty the Star Correspondent writes—

THE CAPTAIN IS STILL WAITING.

Having been informed that his conduct had aroused the wrath and resentment of the President's secretary, the captain made efforts to square himself. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to square yourself with a man who refuses to see you. Tumulty has had the captain in his anteroom every day for three weeks, but that's as near as the captain can get to him. And it's really essential that he should get somewhat closer, for if Tumulty doesn't soften in the end, he's going to get that captain's goat. His transfer to some remote Alaskan post may be regarded as within the range of possibilities.

The major has become more tractable. The major and Tumulty are getting chummy, as the major is growing more and more to understand Tumulty's point of view. The path-sweeper and his colleagues had been permitted to work all day Christmas. Everybody else in the department had a day off, or at least a half-day off—but not the sweepers. Tumulty talked to the major about it. "There's nothing in the regulations that provides for a half-day off for them," he explained.

"Nothing in the regulations?" Tumulty demanded, with fine scorn, "nothing in the regulations? Do you hold these poor lobarers amendable to military regulations? Christmas is gone, but how about New Year's? Can you give them half a day off?"

"President" Tumulty.

The major didn't see how it could be done, save by order of the President. "Very well," directed Tumulty, "the President has ordered it. Get me? The President has ordered it, and I hope you don't question it."

The President hadn't ordered any such thing. He didn't know anything about it. The major knew that the President didn't know. But the major saw a light and he didn't question the order. The laborers got half a day off on New Year's.

"And just one thing more," said Tumulty to the major, a few days later, reverting again to the same topic. "Why don't you go before the House Appropriations committee and recommend that the pay of these men be increased from $1.40 a day?"

"I don't see how I can do that," said the major, dubiously. "I certainly couldn't do it, unless I were at liberty to state that the President favors it."

"The President has favored it right along," was Tumulty's solemn declaration.

The Major Is Wise.

And again the major, wise old major, had not the slightest doubt. He didn't question the President's favorable attitude in the matter. He is prepared to hike over to the Capitol and tell Congress to give the path sweepers a little more money.

"Major," said Tumulty, thoughtfully, "I can see, qiute clearly that you and I are going to get on very well together. But you tell that captain of yours to keep away from me. I don't like him."

* * * * * *

Now, I put it to any citizen whose notions are not warped by prejudice:

What do you think of the possible dangers of a situation where a Secretary to the President deliberately lies about what the President has said and done, and compels a U. S. Major to take as a Presidential command an order which *the Major knows* is Tumulty's order, only?

When Tumulty can boss the U. S. Army officers without the President's knowing it: and when he can have Congress assured that the President wants something done, of which the President is totally ignorant, how can you expect scruple or truth from such a course?

MR. TALKING-BOTH-WAYS

What a Typical Georgia Farmer Thinks of the New Currency Law

IN the Southern *Cultivator*, for March 1, 1914, appears a letter from Hon. W. L. Peek, of Conyers, Ga., a successful farmer, who lives on his farm and makes his living there.

This typical, genuine farmer has studied all the problems that affect agriculture, and is a thoroughly independent representative of his class. He has served his people several times in the Legislature, and his record there is as straight as a string.

He is a Democrat and a Wilson man: and this is what he thinks about that new law:

We have waited with patience the coming of the new currency bill. It now lays before me on my table. I have read and reread it and must confess that it is very disappointing and it grieves us sorely to know that this great Nation, through her lawmakers, has made no provision for our homeless, for our landless, who are hungering for a place to call home; nor for the small farmer.

Yea, the folks who make or produce all raw material for food and clothing are comparatively ignored as to means or ways of obtaining money. But it fixes it so the land grabber can get all that joins him.

"Uncle Sam," who lords over us all and claims to be omnipotent in power to make our circulating medium and its ways of distribution, has left the man that uses the hoe and plow, to weed his own row.

We do not care a cent as to how much money this National government of ours furnishes the business part of our people. Let them have it to the extent of their necessities, but justice demands that the farmer should also be provided with money on his collateral, THE EARTH, which endureth forever, at as low a rate of interest as others. No other business of occupation needs it more and no man has or can give a good or legal reason why farmers should not borrow money from United States banks as well and on same terms as do our brothers in other occupations.

All business is run on time. Our government, with power to create money, prefers to borrow it at 2 per cent. to 4 per cent., and to deposit with banks at one-half per cent. to two and one-half per cent., and say to the National bank, "loan on all securities and to everybody except the man who farms and his spot of land."

This everlasting source from which all wealth comes has been outlawed for fifty years, and this bill does not benefit the small land owner or the landless. Those who tickle mother earth and cause her to yield food for man and beast are turned out to graze in a desert land and often into the hand of Shylock, who demands every pound of flesh.

The truth is, our National banking or financial system has not been changed except to take the control of the currency out of the hands of a few and placing it in the hands of the National government with power to increase or decrease at will. This part we approve. But the old way of letting it out to the privileged few is all the same.

The act in every particular turns a deaf ear to the cries and pleadings of the small farmer, the landless, and our boys who are hungering for land for homes, however humble, are ordered to move on to the tap of the drum bearing the burden of the government.

Uncle Sam is a partial master. For years he has been and is now furnishing the Filipinos money to buy lands and homes at 4 per cent. Our brown brothers are preferable to the sons of farmers who spilt their blood for this land of liberty. "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," is sleeping a deep sleep.

For fifty long years Congress and Congressmen have made us biennial promises to give us cheap money so we could improve our farms and give a new interest to agriculture.

Fifty years have passed and no relief—nothing in sight. During these fifty years more than half the tillers of the soil have drifted to the towns and cities and our country boys have gone to parts unknown. But now the star of European credit is twinkling over Washington. In this year 1914 a new epoch is to be made.

Our financial salvation is at hand.

That European commission on rural credit has gone and come and made their 900-page report, and now American farm-

ers are to be financially Europeanized. That is to say ten to one hundred get together, put in so much stuff and each be responsible for the whole, and on this sum borrow money jointly and go into the rural credit banking business with "Uncle Sam's" permission.

This is the rural credit system to save the country.

Lawmakers, have you forgotten the meaning of Democracy and that equal rights to all is a jewel?

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

In the struggle for agricultural existence we have drawn our meagre supply of money from our State banks, and had it not been for them we would have long since been annihilated. We hope they will not go into the National banking business but continue to stand by us while we scrap out this rural credit question with our lawmakers at the polls.

Now in our glorious Southland at least one-half of our white farmers are tenants. Look at the Census reports; see the figures drawn by the Progressive Farmer. Hardly one-half of the white farmers in Georgia own the land they cultivate. They are our brothers, our sons, our neighbors. No better folks live on this earth. I would not exchange one of them for one thousand of the 1,650,000 that are pouring into these United States annually for the past two years, making life harder for our landless and homeless. Yet, we have men at Washington that have eyes and can't see an over-crowded America in a few years to come.

Here we say it is time to close the doors and care for our own folks.

The great need of this country today is small farmers owning their homes. "Uncle Sam" could fix this if he would, and could soon have an agricultural system more valuable than gold, a yeomanry more powerful than his standing army. The fruit of their labor would bless the world. But he has forgotten his own poor and needy and sought other fields, putting his protecting arm around Cuba, Porto Rico, Honolulu and now furnishes homes, education and feeding and clothing the kids of Aguinaldo and the balance of the Filipinos, and dares the world to insult or molest South America, and refuses to let the people who make his own bread and butter have one cent of his treasury.

Several of the Northwestern States have taken this great question by the forelock and are loaning money to the farmers on long time and small interest. In those States the people are staying in the country and are building up a noble yeomanry.

I believe that Georgia should take hold of this vital question at once, and rehabilitate this old State. To do this she must have cheap money. Of course she can not issue money, but can issue bonds as good as any State in the Nation.

Under the general welfare clause of our Constitution she can do anything the people want her to do for their good. We owe about $6,500,000. We have a railroad worth $20,000,000. This road is behind all Georgia's bonds. Now let the State issue $10,000,000 of bonds bearing interest at three per cent., exempt from taxation by State, counties or municipalities, and loan the money to the farmers at 4 1-2 per cent., to buy homes, relieve liabilities and improve their lands on long time, from five to thirty years. These bonds can be easily floated at par and the difference between 3 per cent. and 4 1-2 per cent. will be ample to cover all expense. This would not cost the general tax-payers one cent.

Georgia's greatest need is like the Nation's—small farmers owning the land they till, and if this great State will fix it this way the question of high taxes and high cost of living will soon be settled and our waste lands will be reclaimed. Schools and churches would stand all over this country as light-houses do upon the seas. Georgians and their descendants would till our fields for years to come.

WM. L. PEEK.

Conyers, Ga.

P. S.—Mr. DuPont, a rich capitalist of Wilmington, Delaware, a few days ago bought 65,024 acres of land in Glynn County, including several fine plantations for a play house. This land would settle 650 families on 100 acres each.

This straw shows the way the wind is blowing. W. L. P.

Another Single-Taxer. Let the Citizen Be Heard

W. L. Crosman

IN your January number you ask the good Lord to forgive you for having galvanized a slumbering Single-taxer into irritated wakefulness. You then admit your belief that God created land for the use of all mankind. We Henry George men believe that the only just method to establish the equal rights of all to the use of land, is to tax into the public till the value given to land because of presence of population and the industry, thrift and enterprise of the community.

It is true as you assert, that God has created other things than land, such as germs, spiders, snakes, poisons, etc. But none of the things you mention increase in value as the world grows older, as land does. In fact, we could live without those horrid things you enumerate, but we could not live without land. You mention women as one of the creations of God. Some men can even live without women, such as those in prison. But women as well as men decrease in value the older they get. In fact, the creations of nature with the exception of land, lose their value the older they get, just as do the products of labor.

Frederick Townsend Martin, a rich man of New York, lately contributed to the public prints an article showing the growth of land values in that city. He states that Manhattan Island was sold to the Dutch by the Indians for $28.00. Today this land is worth $213,400 per acre. One average acre of New York City would buy an average farm of 5,000 acres in extent. The total area of the city is but 190,000 acres. The land values of Greater New York exceed the total value of all the buildings and improvements in the city, on which generations of labor have been expended, by over $700,000,000. This value exceeded by nearly $1,000,000,000 all of the capital in the United States invested in machinery, tools and implements in 1900. It was almost equal to all the farm buildings in the United States.

The narrow strip of land called Manhattan Island, which can scarcely be discovered on the map, exceeds in value the census appraisal of all the farming land with the improvements thereon lying to the east of the Alleghaney Mountains. It is equal to one-sixth of the total value of the 841,201,346 acres of improved land in the United States. Into these farms have gone generations of struggle, sacrifice and isolation. Yet a few thousand landlords, who have possessed themselves of a townhsip, have come into possession of wealth half as valuable as all the farm products of a single year in the United States.

No thrift of landowners created land values in Greater New York. But the coming of population, the development of commerce and industry and the perfection of the arts and sciences—these agencies have brought into existence these vast unearned incomes.

Population does not make labor products dearer, but cheaper. Go to any store in a large city and you can buy commodities cheaper than in Thomson, Ga. In this discussion we are not surmising what land would be worth on Manhattan Island if inhabited by Indians. We are confronted by a present condition and not a theory.

As the value of land is sufficient to defray the expenses of government, it is not necessary to fine men for their

industry, thrift and enterprise in producing wealth of all kinds.

The Jeffersonian principle, "Equal Rights for All, Special Privileges to None," is an excellent argument on which to base the justice of land value taxation.

I wonder, Mr. Editor, if there is any connection between your opposition to the single tax on land values and the fact that you are offering for sale 5,000 acres of land?

COMMENT.

There is not a point, nor an attempt at a point, in the foregoing that I have not answered, again and again.

John D. Rockefeller owns at least $900,000,000 in stocks and bonds: it cannot be taxed, because it cannot be reached. His real-estate holdings amount to almost nothing compared to his stocks and bonds and cash.

Why tax the life out of the farmer, the merchant or the professional man who invests in a home, or a block of stores, while Rockefeller goes untaxed?

The Rothschild's probably hold two or three billions of dollars in cash, stocks and bonds: the Single-tax would exempt them from taxation, since they own practically no land.

The Carnegies, Guggenheims, Morgans, Fricks, Goulds and Ryans own very little realty.

Their vast wealth is invested where the Single Tax would never touch it.

The man who owns *the money*, controls the man who owns *the land*. Why exempt the owner of the money, while double-taxing the owner of the land?

A farm *is made* by human industry, intelligently applied, just as chairs, tables, mattresses, &c., are made. To take a piece of wild land, and make a farm out of it, requires not only the labor of the man who owns the land, but the labor of thousands of other men whose toil produced tools, implements, clothing, food, &c., without which the farm could not be made.

Think for a moment of how many men had to work, in widely separated fields, before the land-owner could have a hat for his head, shoes for his feet, clothes for his body, food for his stomach, axes and spades and grubbing hoes, &c., to conquer the wild land and convert it into a farm.

Mr. Crosman says—"No thrift of the landowners created land values in Greater New York." Whose thrift did it?

Every man who invested both his money and his brain in New York: every man who followed the impulses of his intelligent courage; every man who worked to attract and to hold the commerce feeding the city; every man who dreamed and made improvements; every man who drew railroads there and ships there and trade connections there; every man who built bridges, elevated railways, underground railways, sky-scrapers, banks, newspapers and the thousands and one other factors in New York's greatness, were the men who put land values there.

Savannah, Georgia, is a great city with a poor harbor. In fact, the Government has to spend its millions freely to keep Savannah's water approaches open to commerce.

Port Royal, South Carolina, is a great harbor, with no city to speak of.

The two places are only a few miles apart. Why the difference? It is in the men who made Savannah, and who keep it, after they have made it.

Exile the same men from Savannah to Port Royal, and they would make Port Royal another Savannah.

The last paragraph of Mr. Crosman's letter is thoroughly out of keeping with meritorious argument. The 5,000 acres of land to which he refers does not belong to me at all. I am advertising it for a lady friend.

The taxes and the cost of annual repairs leave her so little of net income,

that she is offering the property at $15. per acre. Perhaps Mr. Crosman can find us a Single Tax purchaser. Afterwards, he may help to pay the taxes that Rockefeller does not pay, provided he doesn't think that the State and County taxes in Georgia are as high as they should be.

Those of us who have them to pay, find them sufficient for the present.

We would much prefer that Mr. Crosman, instead of adding to our taxes on the land, invent some method by which the stock and bond billions can be made to come across.

T. E. W.

The Holy Eucharist

Americus

READERS of the New Testament do not need to be told that the Last Supper was purely memorial in character. "This do in remembrance of Me," were the simple and most natural and most beautiful words of the Good Master as he handed them the bread and cup. Eat and drink, and as you do so, think of Me; for just as this bread is being broken, so I am to be broken for you and for all. Remember Me then, as often as you do this. Such was the first "Communion," and such the Communion remained for at least a century and a half after the departure of Jesus.

But by and by the simplicity of the early times passed away, and those most unmitigated of all nuisances, the Theologians, took charge of things and soon it was all over with the simpler Gospel of Jesus. There is not room here to even allude to the corruptions brought on by the Holy Fakirs; it must here and now suffice to say that they took the Communion, so natural and so beautiful as left by Jesus, and transformed it into the biggest game of "Presto-Change," the most consummate piece of magic that was ever conjured up by the subtlety of designing man.

The tricksters were at work for a long, long time, however, before they got the business fully completed, so that it was not until the year 1120 that they were able to present their miracle of miracles, to which they gave the name of "Transubstantiation."

Now, Transubstantiation, in plain language, means that, by a word from the officiating priest, there passes over into the bread (the holy wafer) the "body, blood, bones and destiny" of the Lord Jesus Christ; so that in eating the bread we are literally eating the Savior of the world. And inasmuch as Jesus was God, as often as we eat the wafer we eat God.

It is unnecessary to remind the reader that this piece of humbuggery is the very center of the whole Romanist system. The play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out would be no worse off than Romanism would be if deprived of Transubstantiation, and its miracle working Wafer. The little piece of baked dough, which, by the word of the priest, is transformed into the greatest of all the "Sacraments," is the thing that does the business, that sanctifies the soul, that saves the world.

Well then, in a few words, let us put it to the test. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Great Teacher, and what are the fruits of the Holy Wafer? What effect has it upon those who eat it?

Let us go back a bit. They began eating the thing, as finally perfected by the head magician, say about the beginning of the Twelfth Century, and what were the results after some five centuries? The answer is given in impartial history—and a single word spells it all—Rottenness. Draper assures us that when Columbus sailed away to discover a new world he left Europe a mass of physical and moral corruption. He does not hesitate to declare that pretty nearly every man from the beggar to the king, and from the parish priest to the "Holy Father" had syphilis—an external line of a still worse condition within.

All the evidence (every bit of it furnished by Catholics) goes to show that if Martin Luther had not set in motion the great house-cleaning business known as the "Reformation," the Old World would have soon been hopelessly in the grip of physical and moral gangrene. The nastiest thing ever seen on this earth was the Romish priesthood, as it existed from the Tenth to the Sixteenth Century, and the next nastiest thing was the European humanity which the dirty priests had been feeding with the Holy Wafer.

Coming down to later times, what effect did the Wafer, with the "body, bones, blood and destiny" have upon the men who invaded Mexico and Peru? What sort of treatment did it enable them to give to the innocent and unoffending natives of those countries? Have we not in the names of Cortez and Pizzaro all that t is possible to think or say in the line of deceit, cruelty and injustice? Would it have been possible for armies of demons fresh from hell to do worse things than were done by the God-eating Romanists of Cortez and Pizzaro?

Take Mexico today. Mexico where the priests have had full sway for four hundred years, where the people have been partaking of the "Most Blessed and Holy Eucharist" every day for all this long period, and what do we see? Brutality gone mad, cruelty and blood on every hand, political, social, intellectual and moral chaos.

Take the South American countries, where they have been eating God for the same length of time they have in Mexico, and what is the result? Revolution, anarchy, illiteracy, illegitimates thicker than daisies in the summer meadows, a great mass of sodden humanity that is hardly aware of the fact that there is a Twentieth Century with its marvels of science, philanthrophy and progress.

Coming to the United States of America, what do we see here? The same old story. With ten per cent of the population, the Wafer-eaters produce three-fourths of the crime. Seven out of eight white men hanged or electrocuted in this country are Romanists. If it were not for the Romanists and negroes the crime of this country would be insignificant. The ten per cent of the Papists furnish nearly all of it. Nearly all the thieves, big and little, most of the rascally "grafters" of our big cities, and very nearly all of the rum-sellers, are furnished by the church that feeds its "faithful" on the body of God in the shape of the "Holy Wafer."

Now these are facts—facts that can be proven, and that have been proven a thousand times over; and the only conclusion is that the "Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist" is, in the first place nothing less than a blessed humbug. But it is more than that, it is a demoralizer, a curse, which all Romanists should pray to be delivered from at once.

The Holy Necromancers are trying to make this country Catholic, so that we can all be put on the sanctifying diet of the Holy Eucharist; but there is a mighty multitude of us who swear that they shall never do it. And of the miserable politicians who are trying to help the Romanists accomplish their purpose we have sworn that they shall surely have their reward.

Are Romanists Running This San Antonio Y. W. C. A. "Home?"

Justice

THIS new Y. W. C. A. Home for working women reminds me of a story which was told me by a couple of resourceful society girls who once rushed to the assistance of a starving family.

In a neighboring town the daughter of a banker and her chum went to their fathers and explained that they must give a party; both the wealthy men refused to pay the bills, vainly the girls pleaded then threatened. The far seeing fathers could not be frightened.

Several days later those two girls were driving around the town with a well written story, telling in most pathetic language of a lone widow and her six starving children. In one afternoon the girls obtained enough money to pay for a hall, hire musicians from San Antonio and a caterer. Even engraved invitations were sent out. Of course the widow and her starving brood were creatures of their immaginations. All social debts were paid and the citizens felt good in contributing to charity.

The needs of San Antonio's working girls were not considered by those who constructed the new Y. W. C. A. building.

There are six thousand homeless women in this city trying to support themselves, and this palatial new club house has only twenty-three small bed rooms. One large enough to shelter five girls, another small dark room, making in all twenty-five, and some of them must be used by the officials.

Those in authority state that the new structure is on such a fine foundation that two, or perhaps three stories can be added. When this small ray of hope was whispered to one of the homeless toilers whom the place is supposed to benefit, she answered. "Not another story, but a continuation of the same old one told by the directors who have used it to delude both generous donors and us poor girls since they began to exploit our needs to build this place of play which none save wealthy and idle women and their daughters can find time to use or enjoy."

After a hard day's labor a girl needs a quiet room in which to rest to retain her strength, and even her few belongings, she requires this space. Self respect and individuality depend upon it.

Estimate the price which the Y. W. C. A. charges for each meager dish of food, then count rent of a small room and you will find that if a girl eats enough to sustain working power, she is forced to pay more than a first-class boarding house keeper would dare charge.

On Sunday the working girl must wash her hair and groom her body, and often is forced to take physic, she can not do this at the Y. W. C. A., because she must dress and go out to meals as they serve no food on the seventh day. No doubt *the lady in charge and her helpers in the culinary department must attend mass.* Is there a private hotel, or boarding house in this city where people must either fast or go out in search of food this one day in which the toiler can rest?

The Y. W. C. A. will not permit the girls to eat in their rooms.

The new place is too far from the business center to be available as a noon-day lunch room. To make the round trip from Washers, Joskes or Woolfsons, those over taxed toilers

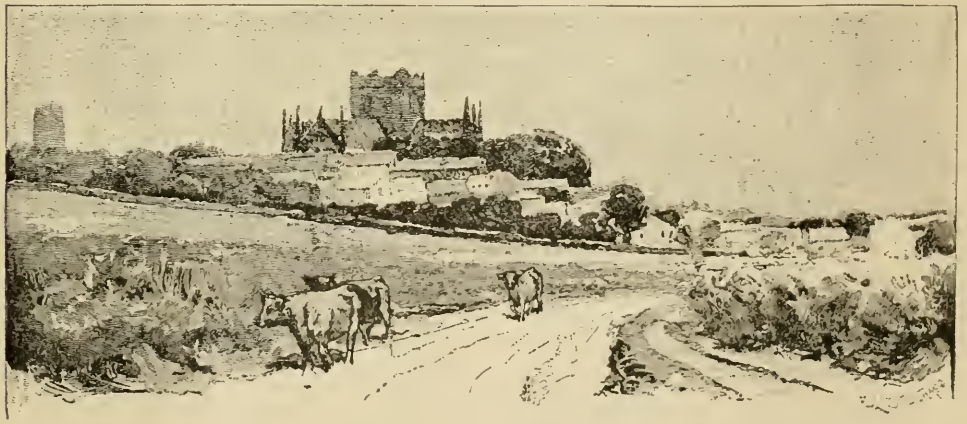
would have to tramp sixteen blocks, almost double that from Dalkowitz, Kaufmas or Volf and Marx. Even if the girls managed to catch cars on time and made the distance in the one hour given for this noon-day meal, the ten cents extra for car fare would help pay for a lunch at some near by stand. On warm summer mornings, after a woman has walked even eight blocks she feels more like resting, than starting a day's work.

At night she will certainly be too weary after walking back to the Y. W. C. A. to swim in the splendid pool, swing, leap and prance around that spacious gymnasium. Nor can she take part in the entertainments given in the new theater and will fall asleep while trying to listen to the efforts of others. She will have no time or mental power to expend on the books in those glass cases of the costly library. All these things will go far to amuse and improve the idle rich, who will no doubt find ample time to come there and enjoy them. But to hint that they are provided for the working girls of San Antonio is a mistake, and it is the extreme of folly to expect these poorly paid drudges to profit by this palace of amusement, begged in their name. This great army of bread winners need small cheap, clean rooms, and good food at the lowest possible price.

As the new club house can only benefit the idle rich, why not sell it to the club women of this city, take the one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and build near the business center a hotel for working girls.

After the Mills Hotel for working men of New York was made to pay, a live fellow who owned a string of fashionable hotels, built the Tromart Inn on 12th Street for working women. At this place a girl can secure two meals a day and her room for three fifty and up to six dollars a week. They serve a meal as they do in the owners more expensive places. They do not sell food by the dish, and yet the Tromart has paid so well that several wealthy women have turned their old homes into boarding houses for working girls when these fashionable people were forced by the march of business to move up town, or become a commuter.

Why not start a hotel for the business women of San Antonio?



MISCELLANEOUS

A Typical Experience in Roman Confessional.

In the notable Spurgeon-Boniface debate on the immorality of the Roman priesthood recently held at Morrilton, Arkansas, one of the points which the priest tried to make was that the nasty questions in the Peter Dens, Ligouria and similar theological text-books, were meant to be asked young priests, and were not for use with the laity in the confessional. Here is a bit of first-hand proof to the contrary:

A good many years ago when I was practicing medicine in San Francisco, I engaged a young woman as book-keeper. She was just graduated from a non-Catholic college in Philadelphia, and had excellent recommendations from that and the pubic schools, and as she was living at the Young Women's Chrstian Association Home, it did not occur to me to question her about her religion. She had been with me some years before I learned that she was born a Roman Catholic, as were all her people. This is her story, and she was a truthful and upright woman.

"When I was between twelve and thirteen," she told me, "I prepared for my first confession and communion. The priest was a new one in our church, an Irishman and youngish. Physically I was a woman, and well along in my classes, but in all other respects I was much a child. The priest instructed me to come to his house instead of the church to confession. As I knelt, he began to ask questions that I did not in the least understand. I looked up at him, and he told me sharply to keep my eyes on the floor. He repeated what he had said, and as I did not (could not) reply, he spoke again, asking why I did not answer. I then told him that I did not understand in the least what he was talking about. He began anew, and in a way that no one could fail to comprehend. I could not move for a time, but suddenly sprang to my feet, and although he grabbed me, catching my sleeve of my light summer gown, I tore away from him, leaving it in his hand, and fled like a mad thing. From that day I have never entered a Roman Catholic church, and never shall! I told my mother as well as I could, and she told my father. The next morning it was reported that the priest was ill, and a month or so later he left the church on account of his health, it was said. I did not learn the truth till years later, and it was that my father had gone to the rectory and beaten the beast nearly to death, making him so that he dared not show his face again there."

There is no doubt of the truthfulness of this statement. And think how often it has been duplicated, and with what deprorable results in countless instances, not only with children, but throughout every Catholic woman's life.—Oxford.

As England Writes Our History.

The National Review, London, gives a condensed history of American political movements since 1865 which is noteworthy for many reasons. Our contemporary takes no account of the relation borne to these changes by the existence of a written constitution—otherwise its conception is sound and its description accurate:

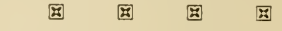
The material cost of the war between North and South was enormous; the spiritual cost was so enormously larger that the debt has not yet been liquidated. The war brought the Republi-

cans into power, and they remained in power for the following quarter of a century; drunk with their success; fearing nothing, for there was nothing for them to fear; countenancing legislative corruption because it was "good for business;" making laws in the interest of a class; government becoming an oligarchy so that the power of the Republicans might be strengthened and the fortunes of the favored increased. In political corruption its parallel may be found in England in the eighteenth century; materially conditions were not unlike those of Gaul in 53 B. C., when "the whole power and wealth of the country was being concentrated into the hands of a small plutocracy that had grown rich on war, usury, and the farming of the public taxes."

The wonder is that the people tolerated a political orgy that was denounced as unlawful by the fundamental law of the land; the danger is that in any excited state of public opinion the limitations of the constitution may again be set aside. We had assumed that respect for the constitution would be demanded by the majority in any case—we have learned that an excited majority may override any law, even in our own country, provided the result is not so openly declared as in Mexico. We have seen sections taxed for the enrichment of another—we have seen class-government, while the law denies the existence of classes—we have seen a president elected by the people denied the office by act of Congress—we have seen a president extend immunity against a statute. Why then be surprised to find some of the States governed by martial law at the proclamation of a governor? Let us quote another paragraph:

"The destruction of slavery in the Unted States was one of the great consequences of the war, but it had other consequences no less vital. One was to fasten upon the American people a currency and banking system that was financial slavery and as destructive and costly as African slavery, and it is only after fifty years that the Americans have been able to escape from its shackles. Bad and disastrous as the currency system was, the war imposed even heavier burdens. The corruption of courts and politics, the licensed piracy that the law protected under the name of commerce, the iniquities of the trusts, the defiance of the public by the railways, the crimes of "big business," the passage of the tariff and other laws which made it possible for a small plutocracy to amass enormous fortunes in a generation or two by sweating labor and levying tribute on the public—these things came because Jefferson Davis and the South had gambled with destiny and lost."

If there be justice and truth in these observations, is it not wonderful that views directly contrary are taught in our schools, and that Southern children are provided with text-books inculcating quite other conclusions? If these opinions be finally accepted by history, what a handicap are we now imposing on the children of today who will be confronted by the deliberate opinion of the world when they are men and women?—Houston Chronicle.



The Belgian Priesthood.

The oppressive character of clericalism is freshly illustrated by the procedures of Romanist priests and their satellites in Belgium In this country, the Roman Catholic church finds it expedient to disguise to some extent its violent hatred of the free public school; but in most parts of Europe the democratic mask is dispensed with as an unnecessary encumbrance. Where the church is in entire control, its dogmas are forced on the minds of all school children, in utter contempt of the rights of conscience. Where its control is only partial, and the state schools are non-sectarian as all schools

ought to be, it reveals itself as the enemy of all education it cannot distort to its own ends. The worst feature of its opposition to neutral and scientific education appears in the methods it employs to undermine the public school system. While its own claims of conscience are fully respected, if not more than respected, by permission to maintain its sectarian institutions of miseducation, and to abuse the confidence of children and their parents by stuffing infant minds with irrational dogmas under the pretext of imparting instruction, its greed for universal subjection to its rule is by no means satisfied. It is not enough to commit mental mayhem on the unfortunate children whom ignorant fathers and mothers send to its nurseries of superstition; it remains true to its historic character as liberty's worst foe, by resorting to the methods of menace and persecution.

A recent speech by Camille Huysmans, in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, reported in *La Pensee*, consists mainly of the citation of carefully verified facts, showing the meanness to which the priesthood habitually and systematically descends in its search for fresh prey. The evidence ranges from an earlier investigation in 1902 to the present day, clearly demonstrating that the settled policy of Roman Catholicism is in direct antithesis to all principles of honor.

Here are a few extracts from the investigation of 1902:

(a) The parents of G. declare that the landlord insists that their children be withdrawn from the public school and sent to the Catholic school.

(b) The "Dames de Marie" have threatened the parents of V. to withdraw their help if the child continued to attend the public school.

(c) A husband and wife declare that they have been ordered by a "charitable" lady to send their child to the Catholic school.

(d) The mother of T. declares that the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul compelled her to send her child to the Catholic school.

These are but samples of many cases in Brussels alone. Each of them was investigated, and found to be true. Similar cases were found in all parts of the country.

The same pressure on the poor and those susceptible of being injured by the exercise of clerical malice continues to the present day. A typical letter received by Mr. Huysmans reads as follows:

"I have had the great misfortune of being without work for about a year. For months we have been in a situation that had become desperate. In fact, my wife, exhausted by long privations, was sick: my poor children, very insufficiently nourished, were very weak, and were obliged to take advantage of the school supply of soup and bread. We lived only on dry bread, and very often lacked even that.

"We were really dying of hunger. A neighbor, knowing our great distress, had had the idea of notifying the curate of the parish—the latter gave us some help—and the members of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. These gentlemen promised to take up my affair, to get me work and to find for my oldest boy the means of earning thirty or forty francs a month. In fact, a vicar came to see us, and proposed to take my little son, a pupil in the fourth grade, as a choir-boy.

"Of course, the boy was obliged to leave the godless school in order to go to the church school. Demoralized by long suffering, I let it be done. Now these gentlemen demand that my two other children, one a boy in the fourth grade and the other a little girl who has attended the kindergarten for two years, leave these establishments, and go, the former to the church school, the latter to the convent school. They have

also forced me to consent that my oldest son, who is thirteen years of age, shall take his first communion.

"Is it not atrocious? I who had always decided to give my children an integral eduaction, to make my boys men who should know and will, men conscious and free, lovers of truth, am compelled to let them be manufactured into subservient beings, stuffed with superstitions. It is atrocious.

"I beg you to save my children from this shame. Help me to snatch my children from falsehood. You can if you will.

"Could you not use your authority or your influence to find some employment for me—some clerical work? I seek only bread for my wife and my children. Get me back my children.

"I know that I have no right to act against my conscience; but I also have the duty of procuring for my family at least bread."

One must have the heart of a hyena or a Torquemada to take advantage of the sufferings of the poor in this manner; to demand the bartering of conscience for bread; to rob an unfortunate father of his children, and the children themselves of their right to a real education. In the face of the fact that these methods are not isolated but regular, and never repudiated by any church authority, but rather sanctioned in all cases, can any man or woman, with a sense of right elevated ever so little above that of the jackal, look upon the Roman Catholic church, from which these villainies emanate, with any sentiment but that of unqualified loathing?

Mr. Huysmans, himself a teacher and at the head of an important school, was in a position to observe for himself the truth of the facts cited. A case in his own experienc was that of a young boy, who stopped him one day, after the school had closed, to tell him he could not come any more. On being questioned, the boy told him that his parents had decided to place him in a religious school, but that he hated to leave the public school. Mr. Huysmans took pains to visit the parents, the same evening, to learn their reason for the sudden decision. He was very courteously received, and listened to the following explanation from the mother of the child:

"I am very sorry, sir, that my husband and I have been compelled to come to this decision, much against our own wishes; but here are the reasons:

"We count among the patrons of our bakeshop some persons who are strong Catholics, including a young lady associated with the curate.

"Two years ago, when my son left the kindergarten to enter the primary school, this young lady came to tell me that I would have done better to place my child in a Catholic school. I answered that my child liked the primary school, and that I desired to leave him there.

"Last year, at the opening of the school term, she brought up the matter again; and this year she came as a messenger from the curate to demand, as she declared, for the last time, that I take the child out of the school; 'otherwise,' said she, 'you will not have any more patrons.'"

The mother went on to say that business was not going on very well, and that she did not dare to face the threatened boycott. So she had to withdraw her child from a school where he longed to be, and in which his parents had complete confidence. To an American, it will seem incredible that this outrage could pass unchallenged, and that the priest and his tool should not be brought before the bar of justice and punished for blackmail. Yet it is evident that only the fear of public justice restrains the Catholic priests of the United States from the oppression practiced by them in every country

where they are strong enough to dare show their true natures.

Mr. Huysmans cited several other instances of the same nature, as samples of hundreds in his possession. It was an appalling record of the perfidy of the Roman Catholic church and its exploitation of the helpless for its ends, under the hypocritical guise of "Christian charity." It is needless to say that the Catholic deputies, thus confronted with their own shame, found no adequate answer. Suh facts as these buttressed by overwhelming proofs, could be neither denied nor palliated.—The Truth Seeker.

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"The Bivouac of the Dead."

A Confederate author writes the epitaph that came to be written on the gate of the National cemetery.

Having lately seen a beautiful tribute to Theodore O'Hara, author of the immortal poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," and as O'Hara was my personal friend and assistant in the Adjutant-General's office of the Kentucky division, commanded by Major General Breckinridge, I take pleasure in sending you an extract from the article with full poem, which I have carried in my notebook ever since the war.

It is worthy of record that this son of the South produced the one perfect and universal martial eulogy that the world has known and that the South has been absolutely unmindful of this fact. The first of these statements is proven by the fact that without any advisement or exploitations, the wonderful words have, in the fifty years since they were written, permeated the whole world and been laid hold on by English-speaking people everywhere to celebrate their honored dead who passed away in battle. Upon Crimean battlefields, the resting place of English heroes is marked by a great monument, on which shine O'Hara's matchless words, and yet England did not know from whom she borrowed when she wrote them:

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Perhaps the anonymous character of the poem was a blessing, since it is doubtful if the Federal Government of the United States would have used the lines in such lavish fashion in immortalizing the dead of the Union Army had they been recognized as the product of the genius of a soldier and officer of the other side. In any case, they did not know and every National cemetery in America has gained thereby, since they are not only the most appropriate, but the only appropriate lines for such a purpose.

Over the gateway of the National cemetery at Washington the famous first stanza is engraved, and there, as at Antietam and other National cemeteries, the entire poem is reproduced stanza by stanza on slabs placed along the driveway.

O'Hara lies in the burying ground at Frankfort, Ky., with only the inscription on a simple slab of marble, which says:

THEODORE O'HARA,
Major A. D. C.
Died June 6, 1867.

Below is a copy of his poem in full, written on the occasion of the removal of the Kentucky dead from Mexico to their native State after the war with that country.

John A. Buckner.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

(Written by Theodore O'Hara in 1847.)

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet

Unseen Forces Behind Your Telephone

THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

To give you some conception of the great number of persons and the enormous quantity of materials required to maintain an always-efficient service, various comparisons are here presented.

The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.

Poles

enough to build a stockade around California — 12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about $40,000,000.

Telephones

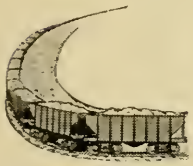
enough to string around Lake Erie—8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bell-owned, which, with equipment, cost at the factory $45,000,000.

Wire

to coil around the earth 621 times—15,460,000 miles of it, worth about $100,000,000, including 260,000 tons of copper, worth $88,000,000.

Switchboards

in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, unassembled, $90,000,000.



Lead and Tin

to load 6,600 coal cars—being 659,960,000 pounds, worth more than $37,000,000.

Buildings

sufficient to house a city of 150,000—more than a thousand buildings, which, unfurnished, and without land, cost $44,000,000.

Conduits

to go five times through the earth from pole to pole—225,778,000 feet, worth in the warehouse $9,000,000.

People

equal in numbers to the entire population of Wyoming—150,000 Bell System employes, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance,
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thoughts at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast;
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all the stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew
Such odds his strength could hide.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

of Watson's Magazine, published Monthly at Thomson, Ga., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF—	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.
Editor, Thos. E. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.
Managing Editor, Alice Louise Lytle,	Thomson, Ga.
Business Manager, Thos. E. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.
Publisher, The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.,	Thomson, Ga.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stock holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

Thos. E. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.
Alice Louise Lytle,	Thomson, Ga.
J. D. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:
None.

THOS. E. WATSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of March, 1914.

C. F. HUNT,
Notary Public.

[SEAL.]
(My commission expires August 5th, 1916.)

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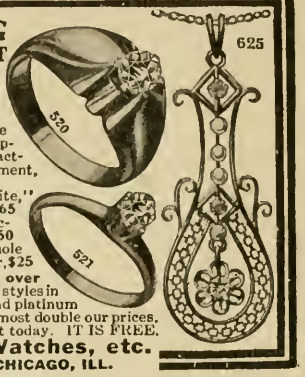

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Caught On.

Here is a story that should appeal to the humor of a Southerner.

A child from the North, after living South a short while "caught on" to some of the expressions more peculiar to the South than elsewhere.

He was overheard one day as he conned his arithmetic lesson:

"Twice six are twelve; put down your two and tote your one."

H H H H

HOME MISSIONS FIRST.

By Livy Richard.

The following letter makes an interesting text:

Editor Houston Press:

I have noticed in the newspapers that a certain church body is trying to raise $6,000,000 for foreign missions. I hope they get it. When the money is put to work, I suggest that they bring 1,000 heathen from Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea to the United States, establish them in the slums of our cities and there teach them Christianity and civilization. These people who have never heard the words of Jesus and never felt the uplifting influence of our civilization will then be able to return to their native haunts and appreciate just what they lost by being heathens in a heathen land. S. T. H.

Quite the aptest thing said at the recent student volunteer convention at Kansas City, where 5,000 young folks fresh from college were urged to enlist for foreign missions, to my mind was this by Shailer Matthews, dean of the University of Chicago's divinity school:

"A Christianity that cannot conquer America is one that we do not want to take to the world."

The stock argument for foreign missions is that the zeal which sustains them reacts on the home field; that unless you can be inspired to drop a penny into the hat for the heathen afar you aren't so likely to yield a nickel for the down-and-outer around the corner.

I'm not at all sure about this. I have seen too many enthusiasms for the way-offs evaporate or congeal the minute it was proposed to cut out child labor in the mill which made the dividend or to tax for social use the unearned surplus of the rich foreign mission supporter.

Putting a little money into an envelope for a cause which doesn't produce a disagreeable come-back is very different from enlisting in a death battle with the slum in which you have profitable real estate.

Hasn't the sleek and comfortable church used foreign missions as a red herring across the trail of social injustice at home? Isn't it wisest to clean up one's own homestead before adventuring into distant crusades?

Wherever I have gone among the workers who have turned their backs upon the church I have found these questions not only asked but unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative.

Of course what foreign missions are now doing is different from what they used to

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do. They're not now so much concerned with trying to cram an alien doctrine down the heathens' throat as to improve his mind and clean his body.

Fine work!

But there are minds at home which need training and bodies that need cleaning and healing; and if there isn't power enough in the church to do both at once, wouldn't it be better for America to finish the home job first?

That, frankly, is how it appears to me. I agree with Dr. Matthews.—Milwaukee Leader.

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